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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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MILLAI'S "HUGUENOTS."

[To H., playing one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte."]

YOUR fav'rite picture rises up before me,
Whene'er you play that tune.
I see two figures standing in a garden,
In the still August noon.

One is a girl's, with pleading face turned up-
wards,
Wild with great alarm;
Trembling with haste, she binds her broidered
kerchief
About the other's arm,

Whose gaze is bent on her in tender pity,
Whose eyes look into hers
With a deep meaning, though she cannot
read it,
Hers are so dim with tears.

What are they saying in the sunny garden,
With summer flowers ablow?
What gives the woman's voice its passionate
pleading?
What makes the man's so low?

"See, love!" she murmurs; "you shall wear
my kerchief,
It is the badge, I know;
And it will bear you safely through the con-
flict,
If—if, indeed, you go!

"You will not wear it? Will not wear my
kerchief?
Nay! Do not tell me why,
I will not listen! If you go without it,
You will go hence to die."

"Hush! Do not answer! It is death, I tell
you!
Indeed, I speak the truth.
You, standing there, so warm with life and
vigour,
So bright with health and youth;

You would go hence, out of the glowing sun-
shine,
Out of the garden's bloom,
Out of the living, thinking, feeling present,
Into the unknown gloom!"

Then he makes answer, "Hush! oh, hush, my
darling!
Life is so sweet to me,
So full of hope, you need not bid me guard it,
If such a thing might be!

"If such a thing might be!—but *not* through
falsehood,
I could not come to you;
I dare not stand here in your pure, sweet
presence,
Knowing myself untrue."

"It is no sin!" the wild voice interrupts him
"This is no open strife.
Have you not often dreamt a nobler warfare,
In which to spend your life?

"Oh! for my sake—though but for my sake,
wear it!
Think what my life would be
If you, who give it first true worth and mean-
ing,
Were taken now from me.

"Think of the long, long days, so slowly pass-
ing!
Think of the endless years!
I am so young! Must I live out my lifetime
With neither hopes nor fears?"

He speaks again, in mournful tones and tender,
But with unswerving faith—
"Should not love make us braver, aye, and
stronger,
Either for life or death?

"And life is hardest! Oh, my love! my
treasure!
If I could bear your part
Of this great sorrow, I would go to meet it
With an unshrinking heart.

"Child! child! I little dreamt in that bright
summer,
When first your love I sought,
Of all the future store of woe and anguish
Which I, unknowing, wrought.

"But you'll forgive me? Yes, you will for-
give me,
I know, when I am dead!
I would have loved you—but words have
scant meaning;
God loved you more instead!"

Then there is silence in the sunny garden,
Until, with faltering tone,
She sobs, the while still clinging closer to
him,
"Forgive me—go—my own!"

So human love, and death by faith unshaken,
Mingle their glorious psalm,
Albeit low, until the passionate pleading
Is hushed in deepest calm.

Spectator.

From The Westminster Review.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB: THEIR EDITORS AND BIOGRAPHERS.

IN 1823 were published, in a small octavo volume, "*Elia: Essays* which have appeared under that signature in the *London Magazine*." This attempt to denote both the author and his essays by the word *Elia* failed. The readers of these delightful compositions found their main charm to consist in a peculiar and fascinating vein of egotism. Neither Addison nor Montaigne had given indications of so novel and interesting a personality. Each essay clung to a centre as petals enfold the calyx, and for that centre a symbol must be found. Hence, in later editions, Charles Lamb's first volume of essays became the "*Essays of Elia*," and the familiar signature resumed its old place, though it could hardly have been foreseen by the author. This twofold division of Lamb into his proper self and the visionary *Elia* has proved a fortunate chance for Lamb's literary fame, and for the posterity to whom he left the rich bequest of his life and his writings.

In literature, as elsewhere, first impressions count for much; and whether the most prominent of an author's productions, the one by which he is admitted, as it were, into the confidence of the general reader, is one-sided or many-sided, has one characteristic excellence or many, and reflects a part or the whole of the writer's mind, are weighty alternatives in the determination of literary fame. The most powerful of a man's books does not necessarily give a true picture of his character in its most multifarious aspect; and yet the majority of desultory readers is apt to form its literary judgment on a solitary specimen of the author's genius, and that the most striking one, having neither time nor inclination to collate it with the rest. This is a hazard which all authors more or less incur; few escape it so fortunately as Charles Lamb. Lamb's essays are by far the most popularly read of his works, and they present on the whole the best portrait it would be possible to have of him within the compass of one book.

Particulars of time and place, niceties of thought and action, historical accuracies even, are of little consequence in the first conception of a character or epoch; representative truth, that will by-and-by expand and thicken into substantial truth, is all that is required; and precisely this is supplied by the "*Essays of Elia*." The shadowy author of these well-nigh insoluble compounds of jest and earnest whom the reader summons to his side as *Elia*, is in every sense an honest ghost, and whoever reads no further may assure himself that he has seen a true phantom of the "gentle Charles." Further researches, even extending to the last scrap of Lamb's published remains, well as they reward the searcher, only fill in the outline, as the features in a sun-picture grow distinct under exposure. Popular acquaintance is with the *Elia* of the essays, and Lamb's fame has benefited more by this than if he were principally known through any other of his works, through his biographers, or even through his correspondence.

And readers of Lamb profit no less from this precession of his shadow. Most of them owe their first knowledge of him to the attraction of his shadow, and these reap a decided advantage from having approached the man through his maturest work. Even the highest lessons of his life, far outstepping any mere literary interest, become more eloquent when viewed as the stern parents of those dream-children, the essays. For Lamb's intimate associates—for acquaintance with him is something closer than converse with the dead—almost every sentence in the essays carries a meaning, so that in reading them one conjures up, and that not only in the essentially autobiographical essays, the figure of the author in one or other of his many haunts, giving birth to just such a creature of the fancy, and linking it by the queerest chain of conceits to incidents and passages in his own life.

But though the shadow *Elia* has a consistency, truth, and value of its own beyond the consistency, truth, and value of most first conceptions, everything is to be gained by tracking the shadow back

to the substance, and learning from published works, and the writings of biographers, the length, breadth, and height of so excellent a piece of humanity. The pawns which move across the board do not all meet with the same vicissitudes; and Charles Lamb's outwardly uneventful life was an heroic one in a sense of the epithet rarely used, and to a degree still more rarely practised.

The writer of an introductory sketch of Charles Lamb prefixed to a cheap edition of the "Essays of Elia," begins the few pages allotted to him with a description of the "terrible domestic tragedy—which both shaped and coloured the whole after-life of the author"—the death of the invalid mother at the hands of poor Mary Lamb. This is, of course, a crude way of arresting popular attention, but it has its advantages. It is not only true that Lamb's whole after-life was "shaped and coloured" by this occurrence, but it is also true that it affords the point of departure for all that was exceptionally noble in his character, the key to unlock this nobility, and the light in which his moral excellencies are most heightened, and his frailties excused. Although this may now rank as a truism, it was always so. For thirteen years at least after Charles Lamb's death, the principal circumstance of his life, the one that moulded more than any other his character, and marked out for him the path of life he cheerfully and resolutely made his own, was a secret to all but a few intimate friends. This was of course inevitable, owing to Mary Lamb's survival during that period; but it must be taken into account in any attempt to exhibit Charles Lamb's characteristics in the order in which they have been successively revealed by editors and biographers.

Whether or not Lamb was quite so great a solecist in society as he delights to paint himself,—whether or not he ever made a pun at a funeral, or was guilty of unseemly levity at a wedding, it is quite clear that there was nothing about him of the superior wisdom or even originality that attract casual attention. In a mixed company he was a mere ill-bred

stammerer, and among strangers he was frowned down for his startlingly bad poems. A curious proof of Lamb's insignificance to all but his friends, is supplied by the letter of a clergyman who wrote to Talfourd:—

I have no recollection of Lamb. There was a gentleman called Guy, to whom you once introduced me, and with whom I have occasionally interchanged nods for more than thirty years; but how is it that I never met Mr. Lamb? If I was ever introduced to him, I wonder that we never came in contact during my residence of ten years in Edmonton.

The explanation being that Mr. Guy *was* Mr. Lamb, Guy being Lamb's early nickname. As regards literary fame, it may be safely said that Charles Lamb had but little of this in his lifetime. The "Tales from Shakespeare," and "Mrs. Leicester's School," joint compositions of brother and sister, ran comparatively quickly into a considerable number of editions; the "Essays of Elia" too were republished ten years after their first appearance, and about a year before the author's death; but, with these exceptions, Lamb did not live to see editions of his works multiplying, or profit or reputation accruing from them. He has somewhere playfully called himself the publisher's ruin. Since his death the essays have proved an inexhaustible mine, and the collected works have arrived at least at a seventh edition.

Charles Lamb died in December, 1834, and left his sister Mary, the sole surviving member of the family, to be supported till her death by a handsome annuity from her brother's old desk-masters. There is something significant in the terms in which this honourable treatment of the worse than invalid are referred to. She was pensioned as if she had been Charles's wife. We who have the whole life of these two before us without reserve, can go beyond the authorities at the India House, and say that she was more than a wife, and he more than a husband.

Mary Lamb was under formal treatment at the time of her brother's death, and the necessity for some sort of restraint seems to have continued to the

day of her death. This must not however give us a false idea of her condition. She was sane enough to visit her friends and be visited by them, and to retain an interest in what passed around her. Mr. William Carew Hazlitt, in a book * to which further reference will be made, relates a curious anecdote about her in 1843, half humorous, half pathetic; and from Crabb Robinson's "Diary," not to mention other sources, we learn that her existence was not one of mere passive endurance. Whilst she was thus not only bodily but spiritually among them, those who held the secret of her early life were duly reticent about it; and as to have broached in any way the subject of Charles's insanity during his sister's lifetime might have launched the whole story upon the world, such notices of Lamb as followed his quiet death at Edmonton were, it appears, silent as to what may be called the governing incident of his life.

This serious but unavoidable defect was still more marked in Serjeant Talfourd's first biography.† From the sketch of Lamb's life had to be excluded its main episode, and the whole of it was treated so as to contain no hint to the general reader of any omissions. Of still greater consequence were the gaps left in the early correspondence by the necessary exclusion of a large body of letters containing references to the change in Charles's life subsequent to his mother's death, and the unavoidable mutilation of many others that might have aroused suspicion. Thus imperfectly was Lamb shown to the world during his sister's lifetime. Talfourd himself, one would suppose, must have felt the unsatisfactory nature of a work carried out under these conditions. We do not, however, find any acknowledgment of this in the preface to the "Final Memorials,"‡ with which,

* "Charles and Mary Lamb: Poems, Letters, and Remains. Now first collected, with Reminiscences and Notes." By W. Carew Hazlitt. Chatto and Windus. 1874.

† "The Letters of Charles Lamb, with a sketch of his Life." By Thomas Noon Talfourd, one of his executors. 2 vols. 1837.

‡ "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb: consisting chiefly of his Letters not before published, with Sketches of some of his Companions." By Thomas Noon Talfourd, one of his executors. 2 vols. 1848.

after Mary Lamb's death, he completed his task. This leads up to the conclusion that the biographer thought his friend's character complete in death as in life, without any overt consideration of the family malady and its consequences. He speaks as if he alluded to these subjects only under compunction. On another point Talfourd fell into an inexcusable error of judgment. Where he found strong expletives, and what seemed to him objectionable expressions among his friend's writings, he thought to mend matters and present Lamb in a more fastidious dress, by garbling the text with an unscrupulous freedom that reminds us of the old commentators; and to justify this liberty Talfourd could not plead, as we learn from many independent sources, that Lamb's writings belied his habitual manner and conversation. Mr. Carew Hazlitt attacks Talfourd unsparingly on this point, and every one will agree with him; but in proceeding to enlarge on the general want of affinity between Lamb and biographers, he has stumbled himself into a curious nest of editorial blunders. Lamb, he says, did not enjoy "the complete or unreserved sympathy either of Talfourd or of Mr. Procter." "Even while he lived, Lamb represented an almost extinct type; his social tastes and sympathies were chiefly with the generation which had passed away before he met Talfourd or Procter. . . . His heart was only half with an age which scarcely so much as half understood him. He was very possibly more than semi-serious when he once said, in a letter to a friend, 'Hang the age! I will write for posterity!'" Now "hang" is Talfourd's emendation for "damn," and "posterity" a gratuitous substitution on Mr. Hazlitt's part for "antiquity." Nor does it strengthen Mr. Hazlitt's argument to find that this quotation in its unemended form occurs in a letter to Mr. Procter, one of the very biographers with whom, it is urged, Lamb had nothing in common.

The passage containing this editorial mishap is quoted principally for the sake of questioning its accuracy. On the most cursory view of Charles Lamb, the

question occurs, can a man who entered so heartily into the pleasures of life, who so resolutely put care and anxiety away from him, be said to have misunderstood his age and been misunderstood of it? Mr. Hazlitt's verdict must not be taken on this point without considerable modification: still more unwilling are we to accept his sweeping detracting of the services of Talfourd and Mr. Procter as biographers. Mr. Hazlitt denies them in general terms the necessary qualifications for their task — sympathy and intimate relationship with the man they undertook to describe. But this is not the opinion most would form from Lamb's extant letters to these men; Talfourd, whom Lamb befriended in his earliest literary career, introduced to Wordsworth as his "one admirer," dined with on the last occasion of his dining anywhere, and appointed his executor, with charge over Mary Lamb and Isola; Procter, who, under his familiar signature of Barry Cornwall, is repeatedly alluded to in terms of more than friendship, who was present at that last dinner-party, and whose name was on Lamb's tongue in death. But for Talfourd's cardinal mistake of tampering with the text, we remain of opinion that he did his work judiciously, and that he and Procter together have given us a portrait of Lamb in which no feature of importance is wanting. To two specific charges Mr. Hazlitt brings against them we shall allude by-and-by.

Talfourd's difficulties in 1837 were not confined to the necessity under which he found himself of suppressing all reference to the insanity of the Lambs and its consequences. Charles Lamb's letters contained mention of living persons in the writer's usual outspoken style. These letters, although it may safely be said that there is not a really ill-natured word in any one of them, had to be withheld from publication. It was especially so with reference to Wordsworth, friend alike of Lamb and his biographer, and Talfourd was no less under restraint in this respect when Mary Lamb's death enabled him to speak more unreservedly of other matters. He seems accordingly to have consulted Lamb's friends as to the advisability of a further publication. If we are to accept a statement in Crabb Robinson's "Diary," there seems to have been some hesitation on this point.*

* "Talfourd has doubted whether it is right to give publicity to these letters (the letters to Coleridge containing allusions to Mr. Lamb's death, and necessi-

Fortunately wiser counsels prevailed, and the "Final Memorials" were issued, explaining for the first time (with the exception of an account published a few months before in the *British Quarterly*) the episode of 1796. Still correspondence was held back* and allusions suppressed; and still the same prudery was shown in docking Lamb's inelegant phraseology.

Some years previously Talfourd had edited a tolerably complete collection of Lamb's prose and poetry,† and with this and the two volumes of letters already referred to, his principal labours as an editor and biographer ceased. By additions and republications the form of these books was slightly altered, and finally all three were combined into one large octavo volume, published in 1859, which omitted only, of what had at that time been brought to light, "Mrs. Leicester's School," the "Tales from Shakespeare," and the "Adventures of Ulysses."

In 1864 Mr. J. E. Babson, of Chelsea, U. S., edited "Eliana" — a series of uncollected writings from various sources. This collection was soon after published in England, and is still in print, being now sold bound up with the two series of Elian essays. Besides some letters in print elsewhere, and some before unpublished Eliana, it contained about thirty essays and sketches rescued from the pages of various periodicals, of which several, such as "John Kemble, and Godwin's Tragedy of 'Antonio,'" "Charles Lamb's Autobiography," "Eliana on the 'Confessions of a Drunkard,'" and "The Character of late Eliana, by a friend," (the preface to the "Last Essays" only consists of a portion of this) can only have been passed over by Talfourd through inadvertence.

Almost all abound in Elian touches well worth preservation, but the four specified have a peculiar autobiographical value. Mr. Babson's diligence did not end here; he included in his collection "The Pawnbroker's Daughter," a farce of greater intrinsic importance than the better known "Mr. H—," "The Adventures of Ulysses," and six tales, three

tating an explanation on the part of the editor). I have given a strong affirmative opinion." H. Crabb Robinson's Diary.

* "Called on Talfourd" (Feb. 8th, 1818), "and gave him all those letters of Lamb to Wordsworth, &c., which I thought might, without giving offence, be printed." H. Crabb Robinson's Diary.

† "The Works of Charles Lamb: with Sketches of his Life." By T. N. Talfourd. 1 vol., portrait and frontispiece. 1840.

of which composed Charles Lamb's contributions to his sister's early volume, "Mrs. Leicester's School."

In 1866-7 were published memoirs or monographs on Charles Lamb, by Percy Fitzgerald,* Barry Cornwall† (B. W. Procter), and Thomas Craddock.‡ Were not Barry Cornwall's delightful memoir too well known to need recommendation, it would be impossible to pass it by with a bare enumeration. Mr. Hazlitt, who (rightly) accuses Talfourd of "literary falsification, by which I mean the garbling of letters," imputes to Mr. Procter "moral falsification, by which I intend the distortion of biographical facts." Some items of this serious charge will be discussed later, but even admitting a ground for it, is such harsh language as this, which Mr. Hazlitt nowhere in any way palliates, due to a veteran author some ten years older than the century? Mr. Procter, let us admit, writing in his seventy-seventh year of a friend who died thirty years before, preferred, without having recourse to suppression or conscious misstatement, to place the beauties of that friend's character in a stronger light than its blemishes, allowed that Lamb drank to excess, but pleaded an excuse, and was not careful to tell us that he indulged in what would now be considered an impolite license of speech. Mr. Hazlitt thinks this a sufficient occasion to accuse him of "half-heartedness, egotism, effeminate prudery," and "a solicitude to exhibit the man in as elegant an aspect as might be, for fear the world should be scandalized at the notion of gentlemen of position associating on intimate terms with a person who quaffed porter out of a pewter pot, and interlarded his discourse with profane expressions." There is a vindictiveness about this (and the same tone is adopted again on p. 203) that outsteps the courtesy of a critic.

Mr. Craddock's essay deserves more attention than it has received. Charles Lamb's literary style is so curious a blending of old and new that it almost eludes critical canons; the originality of his talent is, at all events, such as to make comparative criticism difficult. Mr. Craddock's comparisons are not ingenious only; more successfully than any previous criticisms they bring into prominence Lamb's chief literary characteris-

tics, and the threads of his history discoverable in many books are well handled within a conveniently short compass. This essay, unnoticed, so far as we are aware, by the press, is for the present withdrawn from circulation.

In 1868 appeared the first instalment of Moxon's edition of Lamb's works in four volumes, and its publication was attended by an author-and-publisher quarrel to which, as it does not redound to the particular credit of anybody, it is only necessary to make brief allusion. In the *Athenæum* for November, 1867, *passim*, and in the preface to Mr. Hazlitt's "Charles and Mary Lamb," it will be found described at length. The publishers, stimulated probably by Mr. Babson's enterprise across the Atlantic, determined to issue a new edition of Lamb, containing everything worth printing that had been up to that date recovered, with the important emendation that all letters and other writings were to be derived where possible in their integrity from the original text. Mr. Carew Hazlitt was chosen as editor, but in course of time Mr. G. A. Sala succeeded to the office, and the first volume of the edition was advertised and appeared with a prefatory essay from Mr. Sala on the "Life and Genius of Lamb." Of this essay the less said the better; it is not to be bought now, and is not worth buying.

A critic in the *Atlantic Monthly* has called it "a masterpiece of digressive skill and ingenuity."

Ultimately this introduction was withdrawn, and an article by Mr. Thomas Purnell, incorporating the recollections of "Isola" (Mrs. Moxon), Lamb's adopted daughter, took its place. Mr. Purnell, says the same critic, "prattles pleasantly of Elia, and has something like a right idea of his great and peculiar merits." He does this, and something more; he makes the observation that Lamb, "although intellectually and politically on the other side was essentially a Tory of the Tories in feeling." This one sentence not only embodies a truth as to Lamb's nature, but throws out the valuable suggestion that in the person of Lamb may be studied a Toryism very different from the same article adulterated by party ties and forms.

A note to this essay may be here quoted, because the episode therein narrated contains in miniature the life of Charles and Mary Lamb from their mother's death:—

* "Charles Lamb: His Friends, his Haunts, his Books." By Percy Fitzgerald. 1866.

† "Charles Lamb: a Memoir." By Barry Cornwall. 1865.

‡ "Charles Lamb." By Thomas Craddock. 1867.

Emma Isola, during the whole period of her residence with the Lambs, was completely ignorant of the terrible event. One night Charles and Mary Lamb and herself were seated at table. The conversation turned on the elder Lamb, when Miss Isola asked why she never heard mention of the mother. Mary thereupon uttered a sharp, piercing cry, for which Charles playfully and laughingly rebuked her; but he made no allusion to the cause.

Mr. Purnell might have said that in that "sharp, piercing cry," and in Charles's laugh, breathed the spirit of their whole existence.

The four volumes, after such odd editorial handling, were finally completed in 1870. Mr. Hazlitt, who seems to have had as much share in their production as anybody, says:—"The original MSS. have been consulted in every case where access to them was feasible, and I am happy to be able to say that I know of very few exceptions."

The *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1871, contained a review of the new edition, by Mr. J. S. Babson, the critic already quoted, and the painstaking editor of "Eliana." His verdict is plain: "Unquestionably this edition is a disgrace to its publishers, and an insult to the memory of Lamb." An old writing-master's copy used to say, "It is no great merit to spell well; it is a great defect to do it incorrectly."

After so long a delay peculiar facilities were open to the publishers for a new edition of Lamb, emending and reconstructing Talfourd's. Although it would have been no great merit for such an edition to be free from ordinary blemishes, it is sadly disappointing to find it marked by slovenliness and inaccuracy enough to provoke deservedly the strong criticism quoted above.

Independently of editorial mistakes such as the assertion by inference that Ainsworth wrote his "Guy Fawkes" when he was six years old, which a man of ordinary literary sagacity, not to say knowledge, would have avoided, we find some lines by Cary, the translator of Dante, attributed in an indistinct way to Lamb, Lamb's verses on his mother's death inserted twice over, and six or seven poems by Mary Lamb, in former editions, and on Lamb's own authority, always assigned to the sister, handed over to Charles. With blunders like these, of the first magnitude, amounting to twelve in all, before us, for the careful exposure of which we are much indebted

to Mr. Babson, what can be said of that part of the work the accuracy of which is not so easily determined? To judge by what is apparent, there is no warrant that the part of the work less open to inspection has been performed carefully and satisfactorily; and there is at least an *a priori* probability that with more opportunities of comparison, more mistakes would be revealed, and we should be forced to say that an unfortunate combination of circumstances attending its birth had sufficed to ruin what should have been a final and complete edition of the works of Charles Lamb. These are reasons why such a standard edition should have taken a different shape to the one actually assumed, but these we shall defer till we have spoken of Mr. Hazlitt's book of the present year.

Moxon's four-volume edition reproduced, or professed to reproduce, Lamb's original text throughout. Talfourd's over-nice interpolations were weeded out; names inserted which in the lifetimes of the individuals referred to had been only indicated by initials, and sometimes by false initials; and whole letters, as well as essays and poems, were admitted which had been previously withheld or unknown. But the additions thus made were by no means as complete as ordinary diligence would have made them. At all events, if no blame in this respect attaches to either editor or publisher, it is singular that letters and miscellaneous fragments should have been omitted in sufficient numbers to call so soon for a volume of waifs and strays, gleanings after the gleaners, as Mr. Hazlitt calls his collection.* The enumeration of Mr. Hazlitt's services in this respect must unfortunately be accompanied by reference to his own strange inaccuracies. It is a pity to criticise harshly what is in many respects a valuable book, but the pity is greater that publishers could be found to undertake so faulty a compilation.

First in the collection stands what the editor has called "Lamb-Stoddart" correspondence. These letters from Mary Lamb to the future wife of Hazlitt, the critic, give us a more intimate view of the home-life of the Lambs before they obtained a competence, and a moderate share of fame, and of the character of Mary Lamb, than either Talfourd's or Barry Cornwall's memorials supply. They

* "Charles and Mary Lamb: Poems, Letters, and Remains. Now first collected, with Reminiscences and Notes." By W. Carew Hazlitt. 1874.

give what Mr. Hazlitt has happily called a Rembrandtish picture of the Lamb household, and especially of the habits of that most sterling and worthiest of old maids, Mary Lamb. Lamb's solicitude for his sister is pretty well known; her care for him, half indulgent, half restrictive, and withal full of tenderness and sympathy, shines here, delicately disguised as it was likely to be in the sister's own letters. The homeliness of the whole scene, even including the ill-spelling which Mr. Hazlitt religiously preserves, heightens its charm. On one occasion Mary Lamb writes:—"I have been busy making waikoats, and plotting new work to succeed the Tales, as yet I have not hit upon anything to my mind." On an occasion when Miss Stoddart's brother seems to have been opposed to her marriage, Mary Lamb writes:—"We would not quarrel unnecessarily with your brother," but she adds with genuine warmth, "Let there be a clear necessity shown, and we will quarrel with anybody's brother." And further on in the same letter: "Next to the pleasure of being married, is the pleasure of making or helping marriage forward." Elsewhere, in a letter mainly occupied in discussing whether as Miss Stoddart's bridesmaid Mary Lamb should wear the silk Manning had sent from China, or "the gown you sprigged for me," occurs a sentence equally characteristic and touching. "Having never had any presents from gentlemen in my young days, I highly prize all they now give me, thinking my latter days are better than my former." These few specimens will serve to show the peculiar interest of the Lamb-Stoddart letters, an interest which Mr. Hazlitt himself fully appreciates, for he has published the greater part of them twice before. Here, however, we are informed, "for the first time they are printed entire from the originals."

This series is followed by twenty-two "Poems for Children," by Mary Lamb, the reason for the publication of which is not obvious. In 1872 they were issued with ten others by the same author, and six by Charles Lamb, in a small volume still in print.* This section of the book ends with "Recollections of the Lambs," an article by Mrs. Cowden Clarke, reprinted from the *National Magazine*, and even better worth preserving than a paper from the same hand in a recent number

* "Poetry for Children, by Charles and Mary Lamb." Edited and prefaced by Richard Herne Shepherd. 1872.

of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. A section, entitled "New Illustrations of the Life and Character of Charles Lamb," occupies the next hundred pages, followed by ninety pages of "inedited remains," and two appendices.

These ninety pages probably afford a unique specimen of the carelessness of a modern editor. Nothing can exceed Mr. Hazlitt's severity on the failures of others, but with the sins of his predecessors before him he has fallen into worse himself. Only seven poems are given as inedited, and yet one, "The Christening," was collected and edited even by Talfour. Four or five verbal discrepancies between the texts afford some excuse for reprinting it, but Mr. Hazlitt does not notice these, and himself makes an obvious misprint in the second line. As to the letters, a casual perusal shows that out of a total of something over forty, eleven appeared in what from the confusion of its editors we have preferred to call Moxon's edition, and five others not only in this, but in the earlier "Eliana." Of these sixteen letters, fifteen are reprinted from the latest authoritative editions, without cause alleged or implied. The sixteenth is apparently inserted to give Mr. Hazlitt an opportunity of making the profound observation that he has been "assured that those only who were living fifty or sixty years ago, and who now half belong in spirit to the last generation, can form any adequate conception of the state of this country during the fifteen or twenty years which preceded the first Reform Bill." Besides the sixteen letters thus wrongly described as "inedited," a few, which are collected from various printed sources, serve to diminish in bulk what at first sight appears the very considerable fruits of Mr. Hazlitt's industry.

Our editor has, however, stumbled unawares upon a piece of intelligence that is worth something. In the Ollier edition of Lamb's works, the "two slight crown octavos," published in 1818, was printed "The Witch," there described as "a dramatic fragment of the seventeenth century." Mr. Hazlitt prints this poem without substantial variation in a letter to Southey, from which it appears that this fragment originally formed part of the tragedy of "John Woodvill," and was cut out perhaps when Lamb sent in his play a second time to Kemble, published separately at a later date. The personages in "The Witch," are an "old servant in the family of Sir Francis Fair.

ford," and a stranger; these are represented in the original by Sandford and Margaret. In his "Life" Talfourd says:—"He seems also to have sent to Southey about this time the solemnly fantastic poem of 'The Witch,'" but has no inkling that it was at that time a fragment of "John Woodvill," and had yet to be transformed by the alteration of a phrase or two into a distinct poem, before it took a distinct title. Curiously enough, Mr. Hazlitt gives no hint of being aware of his discovery.

By way of concluding the "inedited remains," are printed "Recollections of a late Royal Academician." The recovery of this characteristic and interesting article from the pages of the *Englishman's Magazine* was a feather in the cap of whoever was responsible for Moxon's edition; it was one of the few papers of any value that escaped the editor of "Elia." Under these circumstances it is surprising to find it paraded afresh as a virgin product of Lamb's pen. A curious error, by which in Moxon's edition the academician in question is described as James instead of George Dawe, is perpetuated in Mr. Hazlitt's volume; and this points to the conclusion that article and note alike are adopted from Moxon's edition. Altogether this is one of the most singular collections of "inedited remains" that critic ever met with.

The second of Mr. Hazlitt's appendices comprises matter of some consequence—a series of letters from Charles Lamb to Thomas Allsop, covering a period from 1819, when the acquaintance began, to the year of Lamb's death. These letters or "notelets" rather, are reprinted from Harper's *New York Magazine*. Individually they are not significant of much, but collectively they stretch the growth of what seems to have been a cordial friendship between the two men,—genuine kindness on Mr. Allsop's side well appreciated by its recipient. Thomas Allsop was Coleridge's friend as well as Lamb's, and is better known as having published some reminiscences of him,* in which several pages are devoted to recollections of Lamb.

Thus far as to Mr. Hazlitt's editorship, but from passages in his preface, and in the "New Illustrations of the Life and Character of Charles Lamb," he has claims to notice as a biographer. Where so much has been written in both a sys-

tematic and a desultory way towards a right understanding of the facts of Lamb's life and his literary history, it required some ingenuity to collect and arrange afresh such scattered material as was hitherto unappropriated. Mr. Hazlitt has acquitted himself with a certain amount of success, though the very ingenuity of some of his theories renders them "suspect." As early as on the fourth page of his "New Illustrations" he hazards a curious conjecture. In discussing Lamb's parentage he says:—"The truth seems to have been then, that Mr. Lamb (the elder) was a native of Lincoln, born in a lowly station—probably from a hint in *Elia*, a shepherd on the neighbouring hills." The hint referred to occurs in the essay on "Blakesmoor in H—shire." "And what if my ancestor at that date (two centuries back) was some Dametas feeding flocks, not his own, upon the hills of Lincoln." If *Elia*'s authority is to be accepted upon this point, why not accept it in its integrity, and deduce from this passage that some remote ancestor, not Mr. Lamb himself, was a Lincolnshire shepherd? And what, it may fairly be argued, is the probability that a Lincolnshire farm-labourer would on migrating to the town become a poet, and a bench-er's clerk and factotum, solving knotty points of law for his master, as the *Elia* description of Mr. Lamb (the elder) runs? But if it is wanted, tolerably convincing evidence that the "Dametus" allusion is merely a play upon Lamb's patronymic, is supplied by his sonnet on "The Family Name."

What reason first imposed thee, gentle name,
Name that my father bore, and his sire's sire,
Without reproach? We trace our stream no
higher;

And I, a childless man, may end the same,
Perchance some shepherd on Lincolnian
plains,

In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,
Received thee first amid the merry mocks
And arch allusions of his fellow-swains.

The point is not worth referring to at all, except as characteristic of Mr. Hazlitt's mood of wild hypothesis. James White, the author of the "Falstaff Letters," the Jem White of the essay on chimney-sweeps, was an associate of Lamb's earliest days, of whom and of whose letters we do not hear enough. That Lamb had a keen appreciation of his friend's peculiar humour, and lost no opportunity of recommending his book for favourable notice, is about the limit

* "Life and Letters of S. T. Coleridge." By Thomas Allsop. 1837.

of our knowledge. Mr. Hazlitt, however, goes further, and raises the hypothesis that Lamb had a considerable share in the production of the "Falstaff Letters," and confirms it by producing an "in-edited" letter from Mr. Gutch, Lamb's schoolfellow, to Dr. Bliss. This letter describes White, "familiarily called 'Sir John,'" as having personated Falstaff at a masquerade "in a dress borrowed from the wardrobe of Covent Garden Theatre, through the kindness of Fawcett, the comedian." Some of the company present, "with much ill will, procured a rope, and held it across the room (at the Pantheon, in Oxford Street), and White was obliged to take a leap over the rope to escape being thrown down. The exertion he underwent by this interruption, added to the weight of his dress, injured his health for some days afterwards. We were at this time in the habit of meeting at the 'Feathers,' in Hand Court, Holborn, to drink nips of Burton ale, as they called it. One of our friends, who was particularly fond of the beverage, was called 'Nipperkin.'" As to the letters, Mr. Gutch says they "were the production of my old schoolfellow, James White, with incidental hints and corrections by another schoolfellow, Charles Lamb." Advancing beyond this admission of "hints and corrections," Mr. Hazlitt suggests that Lamb imbibed his love of Shakespeare from his friend White. But far from this, we have Lamb's own statement that the reverse was the case. It is contained in a review of the letters in the *Examiner* for September 5th, 1819, signed, as others of Lamb's contributions to that paper were, with four stars. Barry Cornwall mentions this review in his memoir as having appeared after White's death, but the review itself seems to have escaped notice hitherto. Independently of the signature (****), and Barry Cornwall's evidence, the internal evidence of style places its authorship beyond dispute. "We remember," says Lamb, "when the inspiration came upon him (White); when the plays of 'Henry the Fourth' were first put into his hands. We think at our recommendation he read them, rather late in life, though still he was but a youth. He may have forgotten, but we cannot, the pleasant evenings which ensued at the 'Boar's Head' (as we called our tavern, though in reality the sign was not that, nor the street Eastcheap, for that honoured place of resort has long since passed away) when over our pottle of sherris he would talk

you nothing but pure *Falstaff* the long evening through. . . . Those evenings have long since passed away, and nothing comparable to them has come in their stead, or can come. 'We have heard the chimes at midnight.'" Pace Barry Cornwall, this review must have been written in White's lifetime, and this also agrees with a statement in Mr. Gutch's letter that he died in 1822. Such a statement as to the Falstaff plays, if made in White's lifetime, disposes pretty satisfactorily of Lamb's conjectured obligations to his friend.

Mr. Hazlitt's next theory, in which he finds an origin for the "Dissertation on Roast Pig" in an Italian poem entitled "The Praises of the Pig," a copy of which was in Lamb's possession, seems to amount to a genuine discovery; but an opportunity of judging between the parallel passages and expressions on which this decision is based, would have relieved the reader of the responsibility of taking Mr. Hazlitt's critical acumen on trust. Beyond the roast-pig episode the current of Mr. Hazlitt's ingenuity slackens, and but for the interpretation of Lamb's Alice W——n as Alice Winn, transferred to this volume from the pages of *Macmillan*, there are no conjectures in the remaining pages to which we need allude.

As for Mr. Hazlitt's worst blunders, and his many remarks of doubtful propriety, it would be out of place here to correct or discuss them at length. Criticism of criticism is at best tedious, and that is essentially the case where the criticism in the first instance is wire-drawn. To do these "New Illustrations" brief justice, if that large proportion of the notes containing errors, complimentary remarks upon previous editors, and irrelevant allusions to what has been rather summarily designated the "tribe Hazlitt," were omitted, and a few passages expunged from the text that are open to objection on the score of discourtesy and egotism, the illustrations might then be worth printing in the large-paper edition of which the publishers speak.

Allusion has already been made to Mr. Hazlitt's charge of misrepresentation against Lamb's previous biographers. His attack is made with a vehemence that makes it worth while indicating the line of defence that may be adopted on behalf of these authors, and especially on behalf of the veteran poet whose work is principally impugned. Talfourd's "literary falsification" deserves all rebuke;

his other faults may find some excuse in the necessity laid upon him of exhibiting Lamb successively in two distinct aspects. Mr. Procter's "moral falsification" consists according to his critic in suppressing the fact that Lamb drank to excess, and habitually used the sort of language which Talfourd chose to alter or suppress. Another point raised by Mr. Hazlitt is the mental condition of Lamb during the months preceding his death. Mr. Procter says:—"It is not true that he was ever deranged, or subjected to any restraint, shortly before his death. There never was the least symptom of mental disturbance in him, after the time (1795-6) when he was placed for a few weeks in Hoxton Asylum, to allay a little nervous irritation." Mr. S. C. Hall makes a contrary assertion; but Mr. Purnell who, we may suppose, obtained his biographical facts from Mrs. Moxon, alludes to Mary's indisposition at this time, but not to Charles's. On the whole this is a question of facts, and we can conceive no reason why Mr. Procter should have willingly mistaken them. The other two points, however, may be twisted so as to affect, if not Lamb's morality, at least his gentility. Mr. Procter is to be blamed if he has concealed anything that makes against Lamb in these respects. It is open to every one to read Mr. Procter's memoir, with a view of testing him in this matter; our own opinion is that as Lamb, more than most men, was distinguished for peculiar beauties of character, counterbalanced by singularly few blemishes, Mr. Procter is not chargeable with undue flattery, because in portraying his friend he has not dwelt upon failings which in a stranger's eyes would have levelled him to a mere pothouse wit. To any one who prefers Lamb, pewter in hand, unsteady in gait, uttering strange oaths, to Lamb, the gentlest-hearted, the bravest and most loving of men, Mr. Procter's advice is applicable, "It is wise, as well as modest, not to show too much eagerness to adjust the ideas of all other thinkers to the (sometimes low) level of our own." A complete picture of Lamb the memoir does not profess to supply, that is best to be gained from his own letters; and it is impossible to read many of these without learning the truth about the writer's habits of life and conversation.

On the matter of insobriety the letters are especially explicit; so much so that it is difficult to avoid suspecting Lamb of playfully overstating his own failings.

Mr. Procter, in the very reasonable excuses he makes for his friend on this score says:—"The truth is, that a small quantity of any strong liquid (wine, &c.) disturbed his speech." This plea, a slight one at best, Mr. Hazlitt undertakes to upset, asserting that Lamb's brain was not by any means abnormally susceptible to the influence of drink. The particular point is of little consequence, but it is worth remarking that Mr. Edmund Ollier, presumably on his father's authority, confirms Mr. Procter in this. That Lamb, as he himself expresses it, "kept a little on this side of abstemiousness," has for so long been made a subject of offensive observations that it is odd to see it paraded as a discovery. The *Quarterly's* assumption that Elia's "Confessions of a Drunkard" contains autobiographical truth, was one of Lamb's early troubles; and in a series of temperance tracts, entitled "Beacon-Lights," in which the confessions are printed, they are described as "published anonymously many years ago, but now known to have been indited as a record of his own experiences by the celebrated Charles Lamb, whose sparkling wit," &c. The editor of these tracts subsequently withdrew this sentence, and with it Elia's "Confessions," and "the experience" of poor Hartley Coleridge now takes their place, and is purchasable as a "beacon-light" at a shop in the Strand.

Reverting to the immediate subject of this article, it will be admitted that Lamb's writings, and more especially his fugitive productions and letters, have scarcely yet escaped from a state of chaos. Moxon's four-volume edition was a great step out of the prevailing disorder, but only a step after all. There remained scraps enough to supply Mr. Hazlitt with a fifth volume. That this production is unsatisfactory, whether it stands alone or as a supplement to the other four, has been already suggested: it would be easy, but tedious, to prove this at greater length. This being the case, the questions naturally occur, Is it not time for a new and final edition of Lamb's works—a finer tribute to his memory than any monument in Edmonton churchyard? If so, on what system shall it be arranged? and what shall it include?

The appearance so recently as the end of last year of a new batch of Lamb's letters (those of Mr. Cowden Clarke) raises the doubt whether all are yet recovered. Until this question is closed with a reasonable amount of certainty,

a final edition is not to be thought of. With respect to letters, there are sources as yet unexplored where a search might prove successful. To indicate two of these, the note in Crabb Robinson's "Diary" already quoted ("Called on Talfourd, and gave him all those letters of Lamb to Wordsworth, &c., which I thought might without giving offence be printed") refers to letters held back. Have the letters to Wordsworth published for the first time in Moxon's four volumes exhausted this budget? Again, Mr. Forster in his "Life of Landor," quotes from two of Lamb's letters, both of them apparently characteristic enough of the writer to be well worth preserving. Are not these, and perhaps others from the same quarter, obtainable? A passage in Mr. Forster's article on Charles Lamb, in *Colburn's New Monthly* for 1835, runs thus:—

His occasional criticisms in the *Examiner* should not be forgotten; they are exquisite, and will be recognized by any one acquainted with his style. It will startle some of his friends, perhaps, to be told that he has even done such a thing in years long past, as write a sort of poetical political libel for that distinguished journal.

The latter paragraph refers to a lampoon on the Prince of Wales, beginning, "Io! Pæan! Io! Sing!" printed in Moxon's edition. Of the theatrical criticisms, are any yet unrecovered? The essay "On the Acting of Munden" appeared in the *Examiner*, and Leigh Hunt probably refers to it in his autobiography, when he says:—"I particularly erred with respect to comedians like Munden, whose superabundance of humour and expression I confounded with farce and buffoonery. Charles Lamb taught me better." It is no small thing for a critic of Leigh Hunt's stamp to make such an acknowledgment: are there any of these criticisms, fragmentary or complete, as yet unrecovered?

The review of James White's "Falstaff Letters," from which we have quoted, should certainly appear in a note, if it has not calibre enough for the text. In connection with this hero of the chimney-sweep essay, may be mentioned a letter in the *Examiner* of May 12th, 1822, over the signature L. E., which, although other contributions of Lamb's to the same journal are signed * * * *, savours strongly of the genuine Elia. The previous number of the *Examiner* had contained an extract from the essay in question, and L. E. writes:—

"Reader," says Elia, "if thou meetest him it is good to give him a penny; it is better to give him twopence," and so indeed it is; but this relates to his extraforuneous treatment only; I would add, if the state of thy chimneys, or the landlord's rules, or remonstrances from the Phoenix, or the terror of thy spouse, or any other terrors, should render necessary the labours of one of these neglected scions, see that thou treat him kindly; thou canst not clothe him; humanity at that one entrance is quite shut out, but command the damsel who presides over the destinies of thy kitchen, to take this little compendium of sufferings—this duodecimo of miseries, and regale him with the food which thy happier children have left untasted, that his powers may be recruited, and that the demon of disease may not take up his residence in that inviting habitation—an empty stomach.

Elsewhere in the same letter Elia is referred to by the pronoun *he*, and to this is appended a note, "It may be *she*, *n'importe*," a French expression which Lamb has used. The last argument may be weak, but from similarity of style is very strong.

Of one poem only by Lamb we have the title and nothing more, "Prince Dorus, the Long-nosed King," a ballad alluded to by Crabb Robinson as irretrievably lost. "The Poetry for Children by the author of 'Mrs. Leicester's School,'" by Godwin, in 1809, contained pieces by both brother and sister; of these a selection only were included in later editions. So that a few of these juvenile poems, though probably none of any consequence, remain uncollected.

A more important matter is Lamb's review of "The Excursion," in the *Quarterly*, which has been hitherto with the general consent of editors omitted, perhaps not altogether wisely. Lamb, in telling Wordsworth of the merciless havoc committed by Gifford's pen and scissors, writes:—"The language he has altered throughout. Whatever inadequateness it had to its subject, it was in point of composition the prettiest piece of prose I ever writ, and so my sister (to whom alone I read the MS.) said. That charm, if it had any, is all gone," with much even more strongly worded. But the article, as it stands, certainly suggests the original groundwork of this piece of composition. It must be remembered that this was Lamb's first review, on which, for Wordsworth's sake and his own, and because it was sent like an embassy into an enemy's country, the author doubtless expended infinite pains. As a monument of Gifford's botching, it might

be appended in a note to the letters which refer to it.

As regards arrangement of material, the greatest possible divergence exists between Talfourd's and Moxon's editions. Talfourd's is divided into two narratives, each intended to be self-contained, the former excluding all allusions to the insanity of the Lambs, the latter over-weighted in the early chapters with the mention of it. In each case Talfourd's text and Lamb's letters are interwoven so as to form continuous histories. Even could these two narratives be combined, or the letters pieced together with a fresh text, such an arrangement would not suit present requirements, and the editors of Moxon's edition have printed the bare correspondence under the headings of "Letters to Coleridge," "Letters to Southey," &c., all that were not addressed to Lamb's principal friends being included in a chapter of miscellaneous correspondence. This method and Talfourd's have their several advantages, but Talfourd's has the fewest. As to anything in the shape of disquisition or biography a strong word may be said for their entire exclusion from an edition of the works. The main facts of Lamb's life are widely known and are becoming more so through the best and most natural channels—those already indicated. We do not want any old or new arrangement of them, or any old or new preface on Lamb's genius. Moxon's adoption of Mr. Purnell's essay as preface, and Mr. Procter's memoir as appendix, is a case of literary hotchpotch that admits of no defence. Mr. Procter's memoir and Talfourd's letterpress re-edited might be printed as uniform and companion volumes, and such good essays as are extant or worth reprinting would actually or practically form numbers of a Lamb series.

Anecdotes or reminiscences scattered over a variety of sources might be worked into a supplementary narrative, or strung together by way of appendix. Mr. Cowden Clarke's two recent articles in the *Gentleman's Magazine* should certainly be included in such a collection, Mary Lamb's memory having suffered great and unmerited neglect. Mary Lamb was as true a partner of her brother's life as was Dorothy Wordsworth of the late poet's, and in the former case there was a fuller correspondence of intellect and literary ability.

But there is more than a literary reason for combining the works of the Lambs under one title. They were never

ashamed of their partnership in life. Elia and Bridget Elia made up but one whole between them, and a more fitting recognition of this most touching interdependence of brother and sister cannot be found than the combined publication of the literary remains of both. Such an edition would contain all Mary Lamb's tales and poems, the Lamb-Stoddart correspondence to which Mr. Hazlitt has introduced us, and such others of Mary Lamb's letters as may be recoverable. We are not aware of any systematic attempt to collect these letters; but it would well repay an editor's trouble, and he will deserve well not only of the literary world who in this way produces a complete and altogether worthy edition of "The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb."

Such a title might have barbed one of Gifford's brutalities; but brother and sister are beyond being hurt by the critics, even could one be found to call Charles a "poor maniac," and Mary perhaps by a harsher name. At all events such a posthumous tribute to the common pursuits and common sympathies of this pair, knit together by love, rarer and perhaps more wonderful than that of husband and wife, would have met Charles's wish. For forty years he lived for her, and in view of the final separation he used to say, "Mary, you must die first." They lie in one grave. Death has not parted their memories; it need not divide their literary fame.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CHAPTER XLIX.

PERADVENTURE the eyes and the heart, as well as the boundless charity of true love, were needed to descry what Mabel at a glance discovered, the "grand nobility" of Hilary's conduct, and the "pathetic beauty" of his self-reproach. Perhaps at first sight the justice of the latter would be a more apparent thing; but love (when it deserves the name) is a generous as well as a jealous power; especially in the tender gush of renewal and reassurance. And Lorraine meant every word as he wrote it, and indeed for a good while afterwards; so that heart took pen to heart, which is sometimes better than the wings of speech. Giving

comfort thus, he also received the same from his own conscience and pure resolutions; and he felt that his good angel was, for the present at least, come back to him. How long she would stop was another question.

And he needed her now in matters even more stirring than the hottest love-affairs. For though he had no chance of coming to the front in any of the desperate assaults on the castle of Burgos, being far away then with despatches, he was back with his chief when the retreat began; a retreat which must have become a rout under any but the finest management. For the British army was at its worst towards the month of November 1812. Partly from intercourse with *partidas*, partly perhaps from the joys of Madrid, but mainly no doubt from want of cash, the Britons were not as they had been. Even the officers dared to be most thoroughly disobedient, and to follow the route which they thought best, instead of that laid down for them. But Wellington put up with insolent ignorance, as a weaker man could not have deigned to do: he had to endure it from those above him; and he knew how to bear with it all around him; and yet to be the master. His manifold dealings with everybody and everything at this time (with nobody caring to understand him, and his own people set against him; with the whole world making little of him because he hated flash-work; and perhaps his own mind in some doubt of its powers, because they were not recognized) — these, and the wearisome up-hill struggle to be honest without any money, were beginning to streak with grey the hair that had all the hard brain under it.

Here again was a chance for Hilary; and without thinking he worked it well. In his quick, and perhaps too sudden, way of taking impression of every one, he had stamped on his mind the abiding image of his great commander. The general knew this (as all men feel the impression they are making, as sharply almost as a butter-stamp), and of course he felt good will towards the youth who so looked up at him. It was quite a new thing for this great captain, after all his years of conquest, to be accounted of any value; because he was not a Frenchman.

Being, however, of rigid justice, although he was no Frenchman, Lord Wellington did not lift Captain Lorraine over the heads of his compeers. He only marked him (in his own clear and most

tenacious mind) as one who might be trusted for a dashing job, and deserved to have the chance of it.

And so they went into winter quarters on the Douro and Aguada, after a great deal of fighting, far in the rear of their storms and sieges and their many victories; because the British government paid whole millions right and left to rogues, and left its own army to live without money, and to be hanged if it stole an onion. And the only satisfaction our men had — and even in that they were generous — was to hear of the Frenchmen in Russia freezing as fast as could well be expected.

Now, while this return to the frontier, and ebb of success created disgust in England and depression among our soldiers, they also bore most disastrously on the fortunes of a certain gallant and very zealous staff-officer. For they brought him again into those soft meshes, whence he had well-nigh made good his escape without any serious damage; but now there was no such deliverance for him. And this was a very hard case, and he really did deserve some pity now; for he did not return of his own accord, and fall at the feet of his charmer; but in the strictest course of duty became an unwilling victim. And it happened altogether in this wise.

In the month of May 1813, when the British commander had all things ready for that glorious campaign which drove the French over the Pyrenees, and when the British army, freshened, strengthened, and sternly redisciplined, was eager to bound forward — a sudden and sad check arose. By no means, however, a new form of hindrance, but one only too familiar, at all times and in all countries — the sinews of war were not forthcoming. The military chest was empty. The pay of the British troops was far in arrear, and so was their bounty-money; but that they were pretty well used to by this time, and grumble as they might they were ready to march. Not so, however, the Portuguese, who were now an important element; and even the Spanish regulars in Andalusia would do nothing until they had handled dollars.

This need of money had been well foreseen by the ubiquitous mind of Wellington; but what he had not allowed for, and what no one else would have taken into thought, so soon after Nelson's time, was the sluggishness of the British navy. Whether it were the fault of our government, or of our admiral on the station,

certain it is that the mouth of the Tagus (which was the mouth of the whole British army) was stopped for days and even weeks together by a few American privateers. And ships containing supplies for our army (whether of food, or clothing, or the even more needful British gold), if they escaped at all, could do it only by running for the dangerous bar of the Douro, or for Cadiz.

In this state of matters, the "generalissimo" sent for Captain Lorraine one day, and despatched him on special duty.

"You know Count Zamora," said Lord Wellington, in his clear voice of precision; "and his castle in the Sierra Morena."

Hilary bowed, without a word, knowing well what his chief was pleased with.

"You also know the country well, and the passes of the Morena. Colonel Langham has orders to furnish you with the five best horses at hand, and the two most trusty men he knows of. — You will go direct to Count Zamora's house, and deliver to him this letter. He will tell you what next to do. I believe that the ship containing the specie, which will be under your charge, was unable to make either Lisbon or the port of Cadiz, and ran through the Straits for Malaga. But the Count will know better than I do. Remember that you are placed at his disposal, in all except one point — and that is the money. He will provide you with Spanish escort, and the Spaniards are liable for the money, through Andalusia, and the mountains, until you cross the Zujar, where a detachment from General Hill will meet you. They begged me not to send British convoy (beyond what might be needful, to authorize the delivery to them), because their own troops are in occupation.

"Never mind that; be as wide awake as if every farthing was your own, or rather was part of your honour. I seldom place so young a man in a position of so much trust. But the case is peculiar; and I trust you. There will be £100,000 in English gold to take care of. The Spaniards will furnish the transport, and Count Zamora will receive half of the specie, on behalf of the Junta of Seville, for the pay of the Spanish forces, and give you his receipt for it. The remainder you will place under the care of General Hill's detachment, and rejoin us as soon as possible. I have no time more. Colonel Langham will give you your passes and smaller directions. But remember that you are in a place of

trust unusual for so young an officer. Good-bye, and keep a sharp look-out."

Lord Wellington gave his hand, with a bow of the fine old type, to Hilary. And he from his proper salute recovered, and took it as one gentleman takes the courtesy of another. But as he felt that firm, and cool, and muscular hand for a moment, he knew that he was treated with extraordinary confidence; and that his future as an officer, and perhaps as a gentleman, hung on the manner in which he should acquit himself of so rare a trust. In the courtyard he found Colonel Langham, who gave him some written instructions, and his passes and credentials, as well as a good deal of sound advice, which the general had no time to give. And in another hour Hilary Lorraine was riding away in the highest spirits, thinking of Mabel, and of all his luck; and little dreaming that he was galloping into the ditch of his fortunes.

Behind him rode two well-tried troopers, as thoroughly trained to their work as the best hereditary butler, gamekeeper, or even pointer. There could be found no steadier men in all the world of steadiness; one was Sergeant-major Bones, and the other was Corporal Nickles. Each of them led a spare horse by the soft brown twist of willow-bark, steeped in tan and fish-oil, so as to make a horse think much of it. And thus they rode through the brilliant night, upon a fine old Roman road, with beautiful change, and lovely air, and nobody to challenge them. For the French army lay to the east and north, the Portuguese were far in their rear, and the Spanish forces away to the south, except a few guerillas, who could take nothing by meddling with them. But the next day was hot, and the road grew rough, and their horses fell weary; and, haste as they might, they did not arrive at Monte Argento till after sunset of the second day.

The Count of Zamora felt some affection, as well as much gratitude, towards Lorraine, and showed it through the lofty courtesy with which he received him. And Hilary, on his part, could not help admiring the valour, and patriotism, and almost poetic dignity of this chieftain of a time gone by. For being of a simple mind, and highly valuing eloquence, the Count nearly always began with a flourish as to what he might have done for the liberation of his country, if he had been younger. Having exhausted this reflection, he was wont to proceed at leisure

to the military virtues of his sons. Then, if anybody showed impatience, he always stopped with a lofty bow; otherwise, on he went, and the further he went, the more he enjoyed himself. Hilary, a very polite young man, and really a kind-hearted one, had grown into the Count's good graces—setting aside all gratitude—by truly believing all his exploits, and those of his father and grandfathers, and best of all those of his two sons,—and never so much as yawning.

"You are at my orders?" said the Count, with a dry smile on his fine old face. "It is well, my son; it is glorious. Our great commander has so commanded. My first order is that you come to the supper; and rest, and wear slippers, for the three days to follow."

"Shall I take those instructions in writing," asked Hilary; "and under the seal of the Junta?"

"The Junta is an old woman," said his host; "she chatters, and she scolds, and she locks up the money. But enter, my son, enter, I pray you. You are at the very right moment arrived—as is your merit; or I should not be here. We have a young boar of the first nobility; and truffles are in him from the banks which you know. You shall carve him for us; you are so strong, and you Englishmen so understand sharp steel. My sons are still at the war; but my daughters—how will they be pleased to see you!"

At the smell of the innocent young roaster—for such he was in verity,—light curtains rose, and light figures entered; for all Spanish ladies know well what is good. Camilla and Claudia greeted Hilary, as if they had been with him all the morning; and turned their whole minds to the table at once. And Hilary, thoroughly knowing their manners, only said to himself, how well they looked!

In this he was right. The delicate grace and soft charm of Camilla set off the more brilliant and defiant beauty of young Claudia. Neither of them seemed to care in the least what anybody thought of her; or whether any thought at all occurred to anybody, upon a subject so indifferent, distant, and theoretical. Captain Lorraine was no more to them than a friar, or pilgrim, or hermit. They were very much obliged to him for cutting up the pig; and they showed that they thought it a good pig.

Now, as it happened, these were not the tactics fitted for the moment. In an

ordinary mood, Lorraine might have fallen to these fair Parthians; but knowing what danger he was running into—without any chance of avoiding it—he had made up his mind, all along the road, to be severely critical. Mabel's true affection (as shown by a letter in answer to his) had moved him; she had not hinted at any rival, or lapse of love on his part; but had told with all her dear warm heart the pleasure, the pride, and the love she felt. Hilary had this letter in his pocket; and it made him inclined to be critical.

Now it may, without any lese-majesty of the grand female race, be asserted, that good and kind and beautiful and purely superior as they are, they are therewith so magnanimous to men, that they abstain, for the most part, from exhibiting mere perfection. No specimen of them seems ever to occur that is entirely blameless, if submitted to rigid criticism; which, of course, they would never submit to. Therefore it was wrong of Hilary, and showed him in a despicable light, that because the young ladies would not look at him much, he looked at them with judicial eyes. And the result of his observation, over the backbone of the pig, was this.

In *physique*—a word which ought to be worse than *physic* to an Englishman—there was no fault of any sort to be found with either of these young ladies. They were noble examples of the best Spanish type, tall, and pure yet rich of tint, with most bewitching eyes, and classic flexure of luxuriant hair, grace in every turn and gesture, and melody in every tone. Yet even in the most expressive glance, and most enchanting smile, was there any of that simple goodness, loyalty, and comfort, which were to be found in an equally lovely but less superb young woman?

Herewith the young captain began to think of his uncle Struan's advice, and even his sister's words on the matter; which from so haughty a girl—as he called her, although he knew that she was not that—had caused him at first no small surprise, and at the same time produced no small effect. And the end of it was that he gave a little squeeze to Mabel's loving letter, and said to himself that an English girl was worth a dozen Spanish ones.

On the following day, the fair young Donnas changed their mode of action. They vied with each other in attention to Hilary, led him through the well-

known places, chattered Spanish most musically, and sang melting love-songs, lavished smiles and glances on him, and nothing was too good for him. He was greatly delighted, of course, and was bound in gratitude to flirt a little; but, still on the whole, he behaved very well. For instance, he gave no invidious preference to either of his lovely charmers; but paid as much heed to poor Camilla (whose heart was bounding with love and happiness) as he did to Claudia, who began to be in earnest now, that her sister might not conquer him. This was a dangerous turn of events for Hilary; and it was lucky for him that he was promptly called away. For his host got despatches which compelled him to cut short hospitality; and Captain Lorraine, with great relief, set forth the next morning for Malaga. Sergeant Bones and Corporal Nickles had carried on handsomely down-stairs, and were most loath to come away; but duty is always the guiding star of the noble British corporal. Nickles and Bones, at the call of their country, cast off all domestic ties, and buckled up their belly-bands. Merely thus they all rode on, for their horses were fresh and frolicsome, to the Spanish headquarters near Cordova; and thence again to Malaga.

CHAPTER L.

At this particular time there was nothing so thoroughly appreciated, loved, admired, and begged, borrowed, or stolen in every corner of the Continent, as the good old English guinea. His fine old face and his jovial colour made him welcome everywhere; one look at him was enough to show his purity, substance, and sterling virtue, and prove him sure to outlast in the end the flashy and upstart "napoleon." Happily for the world, that poor, weak-coloured, and adulterated coin now called the "sovereign," was not the representative of English worth at that time, otherwise Europe might have been either France or Russia for a century.

And though we are now in the mire so low — through time-servers, hucksters, and demagogues — that the voice of England is become no more than the squeak of a half-penny shoe-black, we might be glad to think of all our fathers did, at our expense, and so grandly and heroically, if nations (trampled on for years, and but for England swept away) would only take it as not a mortal injury that through us they live. At any rate, many noble

Spaniards in and round about Malaga condescended to come and see the unloading of the British corvette, "Cleopatra-cum-Antonio." She was the nimblest little craft (either on or off a wind) of all ever captured from the French; and her name had been reefered into "Clipater" first, and then into "Clipper," which still holds way. And thus, in spite of all her money, she had run the gauntlet of Americans and Frenchmen, and lay on her keel discharging.

Lorraine regarded this process with his usual keen interest.

The scene was so new, and the people so strange, and their views of the world so original, that he could not have tried to step into anything nobler and more refreshing. There was no such babel of gesticulation as in a French harbour must have been; but there was plenty of little side-play, in and out among the natives, such as a visitor loves to watch. And the dignity with which the Spaniards took the money into their charge was truly gratifying to the British mind. "They might have said 'Thank you,' at any rate," thought Hilary, signing the bill of delivery, under three or four Spanish signatures. But that was no concern of his.

One hundred thousand British guineas, even when they are given away, are not to be made light of. Their weight (without heeding the iron chests, wherein they were packed in Threadneedle Street) would not be so very much under a ton; and with the chests would be nearly two tons. There were ten chests thoroughly secured and sealed, each containing ten thousand guineas, and weighing about 4 cwt. All these were delivered by the English agent to the deputy of Count Zimora, who was accompanied by two members of the Junta of Seville, and the Alcalde of Cordova; and these great people, after no small parley, and with the aid of Spanish officers, packed all the consignment into four mule-carts, and sent them under strong escort to headquarters near Cordova. Here the Count met them, and gave a receipt to Hilary for the Spanish subsidy, which very soon went the way of all money among the Spanish soldiers. And the next day the five less lucky mules, who were dragging the pay of the British army, went on with the five remaining chests — three in one cart and two in the other — still under Spanish escort, towards the slopes of the Sierra Morena.

Hilary, as usual, adapted himself to

the tone and the humour around him. The Spanish officers took to him kindly, and so did the soldiers, and even the mules. He was in great spirits once more, and kindly and cordially satisfied with himself. His conscience had pricked him for many months concerning that affair with Claudia; but now it praised him for behaving well, and returning to due allegiance. He still had some little misgiving about his vows to the Spanish maiden; but really he did not believe that she would desire to enforce them. He was almost sure in his heart that the lovely young Donna did not care for him, but had only been carried away for the moment by her own warmth and his stupid fervour. Tush! he now found himself a little too wide awake, and experienced in the ways of women, to be led astray by any of them. Claudia was a most beautiful girl, most fascinating, and seductive; but now, if he only kept out of her way, as he meant most religiously to do—

"The brave and renowned young captain," said the Count of Zamora, riding up in the fork of the valley where the mountain-road divided, and one branch led to his house, "will not, of course, disdain our humble hospitality for the night."

"I fear that it cannot be, dear senhor," answered Lorraine, with a lift of his hat in the Spanish manner, which he had caught to perfection; "my orders are to make all speed with the treasure until I meet our detachment."

"We are responsible for the treasure," the Count replied, with a smile of good-humour, and the slightest touch of haughtiness, "until you have crossed the river upon the other side of our mountains. Senhor, is not that enough? We have travelled far, and the mules are weary. Even if the young captain prefers to bivouac in the open air, it is a proverb that the noble English think more of their beasts than of themselves. And behold, even now the sun is low; and there are clouds impending! The escort is under my orders as yet. If you refuse, I must exercise the authority of the Junta."

What could Hilary do but yield? He was ordered to be at the Count's disposal; and thus the Count disposed of him. Nevertheless he stipulated that the convoy should pursue its course, as soon as the moon had risen; for the night is better than the day for travelling, in this prime of the southern year.

So the carts were brought into a walled quadrangle of the Monte Argento; and heavy gates were barred upon them, while the mules came out of harness, and stood happily round a heap of rye. The Spanish officers, still in charge, were ready to be most convivial; and Hilary fell into their mood, with native complaisance well cultivated. In a word, they all enjoyed themselves.

One alone, the star of all, the radiant, brilliant, lustrous one, the admired of all admirers, that young Claudia, was sorrowful. Hilary, in the gush of youthful spirits and promotion; in the glow of duty done and lofty standard satisfied; through all the pride of money paid by the nation he belonged to; and even the glory of saying good things in a language slightly known to him;—Hilary caught from time to time those grand reproachful eyes, and felt that they quite spoiled his dinner. And he was not to get off like this.

For when he was going, in the driest manner, to order forth his carts, and march, with the full moon risen among the hills, the daintiest little note ever seen came into his hand as softly as if it were dropped by a dove too young to coo. He knew that it came from a lady of course; and in the romantic place and time his quick heart beat more quickly.

The writing was too fine for even his keen eyes by moonlight; but he managed to get to a quiet lamp, and then he read as follows: "You have forgotten your vows to me. I must have an explanation. There is no chance of it in this house. My nurse has a daughter at the 'bridge of echoes.' You know it, and you will have to cross it, within a league of your journey. If I can escape I shall be on that bridge in two hours' time. You will wait for me there, if you are an English gentleman."

This letter was unsigned, but of course it could only come from Claudia. Of all those conceited young Spanish officers, who had been contradicting Lorraine, and even daring to argue with him, was there one who would not have given his right hand, his gilt spurs, or even his beard, to receive such a letter and such an appointment from the daughter of the Count of Zamora?

Hilary fancied, as he said farewell, in the cumbrous mass of shadows and the foliage of the moonlight, that Donna Camilia (who came forth with a white mantilla fluttering) made signs, as if she longed with all her heart to speak to him.

But the Count stood by, and the guests of the evening, and two or three mule-drivers cracking whips; and Hilary's horse turned on his tail, till the company kissed their hands to him. And thus he began to descend through trees, and rocks, and freaks of shadowland, enjoying the freshness of summer night, and the tranquil beauty of moonlit hills. Nickles and Bones, the two English troopers, rode a little in advance of him, each of them leading a spare horse, and keeping his eyes fixed stubbornly on the treasure-carts still in the custody of the Spanish horsemen. For the Englishmen had but little faith in the honesty of "them palavering Dons," and regarded it as an affront and a folly that the treasure should be in their charge at all.

In this order they came to the river Zujar, quite a small stream here at the foot of the mountains, and forming the boundary of the Count's estates. According to the compact with the Spaniards, and advices that day received, the convoy was here to be met by a squadron of horse from Hill's division, who at once would assume the charge of it, and be guided as to their line of return by Captain Lorraine's suggestions. At the ford, however, there was no sign of any British detachment, and the trumpeters sounded a flourish in vain.

Hilary felt rather puzzled by this; but his own duty could not be in doubt. He must on no account allow the treasure-carts to pass the ford, and so quit Spanish custody, until placed distinctly under British protection. And this he said clearly to the Spanish colonel, who quite agreed with him on that point, and promised to halt until he got word from Lorraine to move into the water. Then Bones and Nickles were despatched to meet and hurry the expected squadron; for the Spanish troopers were growing impatient, and their discipline was but fortuitous.

Under these circumstances young Lorraine was sure that he might, without any neglect, spare just a few minutes to do his duty elsewhere as a gentleman. He felt that he might have appeared perhaps to play fast and loose with Claudia, although in his heart he was pretty certain that she was doing that same with him. And now he intended to tell her the truth, and beg to be acquitted of that vow whose recall was more likely to gall than to grieve her.

The "bridge of echoes" was about a furlong above the ford where the convoy

halted. It was an exceedingly ancient bridge, supposed to be even of Gothic date, and patched with Moorish workmanship. It stood like a pack-saddle over the torrent, which roared from the mountains under it; and it must have been of importance once, as commanding approach to the passes. For, besides two deep embrasures wherein defenders might take shelter, it had (at the south or Morena end) a heavy fortalice beetling over, with a dangerous portcullis. And the whole of it now was in bad repair, so that every flood or tempest worked it away at the top or bottom; and capable as it was of light carts or of heavy people, the officers were quite right in choosing to send the treasure by the ford below.

Hilary proved that his sword was free to leap at a touch from its scabbard, ere ever he set foot on that time-worn, shadowy, venerable, and cut-throat bridge. The precaution perhaps was a wise one. But it certainly did not at first sight exhibit any proof of true love's confidence in the maiden he was come to meet. It showed the difference between a wise love and a wild one; and Hilary smiled as he asked himself whether he need have touched his sword in coming to meet Mabel. Then, half ashamed of himself for such very low mistrust of Claudia, he boldly walked through the crumbling gateway, and up the steep rise of the bridge.

On the peaked crown of the old arch he stood, and looked both up and down the river. Towards the mountains there was nothing but loneliness and rugged shadow; scarred with clefts of moonlight, and at further distance fringed with mist. And down the water and the quiet sloping of the lowlands, everything was feeding on the comfort of the summer night; the broad delicious calm of lying under nature's womanhood, when the rage of the masculine sun is gone, and fair hesitation has followed it.

Hilary looked at all these things, but did not truly see them. He took a general idea that the view was beautiful; and he might have been glad, at another time, to stand and think about it. For the present, however, his time was short, and he must make the most of it. The British detachment might appear at the ford at any moment, and his duty would be to haste thither at once, and see to the transfer of convoy. And to make sure of this, he had begged that the Spanish trumpets might be sounded, and kept his

own horse waiting for him, and grazing kindly where the grass was cold.

The shadow of the old keep and the ivy-mantled buttress fell along the roadway of the bridge, and lay in scollops there. Beyond it, every stone was clear (of facing or of parapet), and the age of each could be guessed almost, and its story and its character. Even a beetle or an earwig must have had his doings traced if an enemy were after him. But under the eaves of the lamp of night, and within all the marge of the glittering, there lay such darkness as never lies in the world where the moon is less brilliant. Hilary stood in the broad light waiting; and out of the shadow came Claudia.

"I doubted whether you would even do me the honour to meet me here," she said. "Oh, Hilary, how you are changed to me!"

"I have changed in no way, *senhorita*; except that I know when I am loved."

"And you do not know—then you do not know—it does not become me to say it, perhaps. Your ways are so different from ours, that you would despise me if I told it all. I will not weep. No, I will not weep."

With violent self-control, she raised her magnificent eyes to prove her words; but the effort was too much for her. The great tears came, and glistened in the brilliance of the moonlight; but she would not show them, only turned away, and wished that nobody in the world should know the power of her emotions.

"Come, come!" said Hilary (for an Englishman always says "come, come," when he is taken aback), "you cannot mean half of this, of course. Come, Claudia; what can have made you take such a turn? You never used to do it!"

"Ah, I may have been fickle in the days gone by. But absence—absence is the power that proves—"

"Hark! I hear a sound down the river! Horses' feet, and wheels, and clashing—"

"No; it is only the dashing of the water. I know it well. That is why this bridge is called the 'bridge of echoes.' The water makes all sorts of sounds. Look here; and I will show you."

She took his hand, as she spoke, and led him away from the parapet facing the ford to the one on the upper side of the bridge, when suddenly such a faintness seized her, that she was obliged to cling to him, as she hung over the low and crumbling wall. And how lovely she

looked in the moonlight, so pale, and pure, and perfect, and at the same time so intensely feminine and helpless!

"Let me fall," she murmured; "what does it matter, with no one in the world to care for me? Hilary, let me fall, I implore you."

"That would be nice gratitude to the one who nursed me, and saved my life. *Senhorita*, sit down, I pray you. Allow me to hold you. You are in great danger."

"Oh no, oh no!" she answered faintly; as he was obliged to support her exquisite, but alas! too sensitive figure. "Oh, I must not be embraced. Oh, Hilary, how can you do such a thing to me?"

"How can I help doing it, you mean? How very beautiful you are, Claudia!"

"What is the use of it? Alas! what is the use of it, if I am? When the only one in all the world—"

"Ah! There I heard that noise again. It is impossible that it can be the water, —and I see horses, and the flash of arms."

"Oh, do not leave me! I shall fall into the torrent. For the sake of all the saints, stay one moment! How can I be found here? What infamy! —at least, at least, swear one thing."

"Fifty, if you please. But I must be gone. I may be ruined in a moment."

"And so may I. In the name of the Saviour, swear not to tell that I met you here. My father would kill me. You cannot even dream—"

"I swear that no power on earth shall induce me to say a word about this scene."

"Oh, I faint, I faint! Lay me there in the shadow. No one will see me. It is the last time. Oh, how cruel, how cold, how false! how bitterly cruel you are to me!"

"Is it true," he whispered tremulously, for he was in great excitement and hurry, and he heard the Spanish trumpets sound as he carried her towards the shadow of the keep, and there for an instant leaned over her; "is it true that you love even me, Claudia?"

"With my whole, whole—" and he thought that she glanced at the corner timidly; "oh, do not go, for one moment, darling! —with atom of my poor—"

"Heart," she was going to say, no doubt, but was spared the trouble; for down fell Hilary, stunned by a crashing blow from the dark corner; and in a

moment Alcides d'Alcar had him by the throat with gigantic hands, and planted one great knee on his breast.

"Did I do it well?" whispered Claudia, recovering all her energies. "Oh, don't let him see me. He never must know it."

"Neither that nor anything else shall he know," muttered the brigand, with a furious grasp, till poor Hilary's blue eyes started forth from their sockets. "You did it too well, my fair actress; so warmly, indeed, that I am quite jealous. The bottom of the Zujar is his marriage-couch."

"Loosen his throat, or I scream with all my power. You promised me not to hurt him. He shall not be hurt more than we can help, although he has been so faithless to me."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the great brigadier; "there is no understanding the delicate views of the females. But you shall be obeyed, beloved one. He will come to himself in about ten minutes; these Englishmen have such a thickness of head. Search him; be quick; let me have his despatch-book. You know where your lovers keep their things."

Senseless though Hilary lay, the fair maiden kept herself out of the range of his eyes, as her nimble fingers probed him. In a moment she drew from an inner breast-pocket his private despatch-book, and Mabel's letter. That last she stowed away for her own revenge, after glancing with great contempt at it; but the book she spread open to her lover.

"It is noble!" he cried, as the brilliant moonlight shone upon the pages. "What could be more fortunate? Here are the blank forms with the heading, and the flourish prepared for his signature. There is his metal pencil. Now write as I tell you in Spanish, but with one or two little barbarisms; such as you know him given to. 'The detachment is here. I am holding them back. They are not to cross the water. Send the two carts through; but do not come yourselves. Good-night, and many thanks to you. May we soon meet again. (Signed) Hilary Lorraine.' You know how very polite he is."

"It is written, and in his own hand, most clearly. He has been my pupil, and I have been his. Poor youth, I am very sorry for him. Now let me go. Have I contented you?"

"I will tell you at the chapel to-morrow night. I shall have the cleverest and most beautiful bride in all Iberia. How can I part with you till then?"

"You will promise me not to hurt him," she whispered through his beard, as he clasped her warmly; while Hilary lay at their feet, still senseless.

"By all the saints that ever were, or will be, multiplied into all the angels! One kiss more, and then adieu, if it must be."

The active young Claudia glided away; while the great brigadier proceeded, with his usual composure, to arrange things to his liking. He lifted poor Hilary, as if he were a doll, and bound him completely with broad leather straps, which he buckled to their very tightest; and then he fixed over his mouth a scarf of the delicate wool of the mountains; and then he laid him in the shade; for he really was a most honourable man when honour came into bearing. And though (as far as his own feelings went) he would gladly have pitched this Captain Lorraine into the rush of the Zujar, he had pledged his honour to Claudia. Therefore he only gagged and bound him, and laid him out of the moonlight; which, at the time of year, might have maddened him. After this, Don Alcides d'Alcar struck flint upon punk, and lit a long cigar.

The whole of that country is full of fleas. The natives may say what they like; but they only damage their credit by denying it, or prove to a charitable mind their own insensibility. The older the deposit or the stratum is, the greater is the number of these active insects; and this old bridge, whether Moorish or Gothic, or even Roman (as some contended), had an antiquarian stock of them.

Therefore poor Hilary, coming to himself — as he was bound to do by-and-by — grew very uneasy, but obtained no relief, through the natural solace of scratching. He was strapped so tightly that he could only roll; and if he should be induced to roll a little injudiciously, through a gap of the parapet he must go to the bottom of the lashing water. Considering these things, he lay and listened; and though he heard many things which he disliked (and which bore a ruinous meaning to him for the rest of his young life, and all who loved him), he called his high courage to his help; and being unable to talk to himself (from the thickness of the wool between his teeth, which was a most dreadful denial to him), he thought in his inner parts — "Now, if I die, there will be no harm to say of me." He laid this to his conscience, and in contempt of all insects he rolled off to sleep.

The uncontrollable outbreak of day, in

the land where the sun is paramount, came like a cataract over the mountains, and scattered all darkness with leaps of light. The winding valley, and the wooded slope, the white track of water, and the sombre cliffs, all sprang out of their vaporous mantle; and even the bridge of echoes looked a cheerful place to lounge on.

"A bad job surely!" said Corporal Nickles, marching with his footsteps counted, as if he were a pedometer. "Bones, us haven't searched this here ramshackle thing of a Spanish bridge. Wherever young cap'en can be, the Lord knows. At the bottom of the river, I dessay."

"Better if he never was born," replied Bones; "or leastwise now to be a dead one. Fifty thousand guineas in a sweep! All cometh of trusting them beggarly Dons. Corporal, what did I say to you?"

"Like a horacle, you had foreseen it, sergeant. But, we'm all right, howsom-ever it be. In our favour we has the hallerby."

Hilary, waking, heard all this, and he managed to sputter so through the wool, that the faithful non-commissioned officers ran to look for a wild sheep coughing.

"Is it all gone?" he asked pretty calmly, when they had cut him free at last, but he could not stand from stiffness. "Do you mean to say that the whole is gone?"

"Captain," said Bones, with a solemn salute, which Nickles repeated as junior, "every guinea are gone, as clean as a whistle; and the Lord knows where 'em be gone to."

"Yes, your Honour, every blessed guinea;" said Nickles, in confirmation. "To my mind it goes against the will of the Lord to have such a damned lot of money."

"You are a philosopher," answered Lorraine; "it is pleasing to find such a view of the case. But as for me, I am a ruined man. No captain, nor even 'your Honour,' any more."

"Your Honour must keep your spirits up. It mayn't be so bad as your Honour thinks," they answered very kindly, well knowing that he was a ruined man, but saluting him all the more for it.

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INTERNATIONAL VANITIES.

NO. VIII. — GLORY.

As Irish postboys used, in former times, to "keep a trot for the avenue," so, on the same principle of reserving a flourish for the finish, has glory been held back for the final chapter of this series. In its military form it is so immeasurably the vastest of all the vanities of nations, that the temptation to talk about it sooner has of course been great; we have resisted, but need resist no longer; we can now indulge our pent-up longings, as children at last consume the central jam of tarts whose circumferential crust they have first devoured.

Glory! The name resounds like a surging sea. It dazzles us with a blaze of splendid meaning. It is the end and object of all the triumphs that human power can achieve. It has been fiercely fought for by nations and by men; it has been pursued throughout all time; it has been sought more passionately than even love or money. And it tempts not only actors, but lookers-on as well, for it corresponds to an imperious necessity which acts on every one of us; it satisfies that irresistible disposition to be sometimes enthusiastic about something — no matter what — which is at the bottom of all natures however ponderously placid they may be. The world is of a single mind upon the subject; and, on the whole, the world is right to be unanimously convinced, for glory has been so singularly useful to its progress, that we may reasonably doubt whether we could possibly have arrived at our present state without it. Its rarity, and the extreme difficulty of attaining it, have so largely added to its value, that no reward on earth can be compared to it. Most other prizes may be competed for by any man who has ambition, strength, and intellect: wealth, rank, and power may be won single-handed, by personal capacity; but glory, unlike those easier summits, cannot be climbed alone; no solitary traveller can reach its brilliant heights. The reason is, that while each of us can fight our way alone — on the one condition of being strong enough — to every other success in life, no man can seize glory for himself. Glory is not a diadem which any aspirant, whatever be his force of arm or will, can lift unassisted on to his own head; it must be placed there by applauding nations, and the whole earth must ratify the crowning. And if individual claimants

can acquire it only by the acclamations of mankind, so, inversely, nations are dependent for it on the actions of their citizens. It is as essentially a joint product of men and states as a baby is of its two parents; neither of them can create it without the other's aid. It must be earned by them collectively, and be bestowed by them reciprocally; its sources and its nature are, consequently, identical in each of its two forms, personal and national; it is only in its consequences and its applications that differences arise. This unity of its elements facilitates its study, but still it is so huge a subject that the attempt to discuss it here is like trying to put the Mediterranean into the dip of Piccadilly. We can, however, imitate the voyagers who offer to their friends at home a phial full of sample water from the Bay of Naples, and assure them that "all the rest of it is just like this."

But before beginning to exhibit the little specimen for which there is space here, it will perhaps be useful to put a preliminary question. Are we obliged, in talking about glory, to make up our minds beforehand that it is our duty to remain incessantly awe-stricken before it? Are we of necessity bound to speak of it as we should of some illustrious princess whose faults are all forgotten in the contemplation of her dignity and her greatness? Obligations of that description are particularly inconvenient; they strangle free discussion; they suffocate the pleasant smiles which are frequently such useful aids to the digestion of ideas as well as dinners. Besides which, we do of course intend to be most deferential: no decent Englishman could possibly be impolite to glory; and, furthermore, it is too high up above us to be accessible to our rudeness if we tried it. However much we may incline towards independence, we shall never fall to the condition described by Tacitus when he said that "to despise glory is to despise the virtues which lead to it." That state of mind is outside the possibilities of our generation; and though we must suppose that it existed in the year 100 (for, otherwise, Tacitus could have had no object in alluding to it), we are too well brought up now to be capable of despising anything so eminently respectable and grand. But, at the same time, the influence of our political education makes us naturally wish to retain full freedom for our homage, and to be able to treat glory, not as an Eastern autocrat whom

we can approach only on our knees, with much trembling and emotion, but as a constitutional sovereign who does not pretend to be above the range of respectful criticism. For this reason we may, without temerity, answer the above question in the negative. And now, after this expression of deuteous and becoming principles, we can go on in safety.

A nation's glory is a complex product; it is composed of many elements; all sorts of national successes contribute to it; nothing great or noble is excluded from it; everything that has been brilliant in the nation's history assumes a place in it; it knows no limits of time or distance; it unites the present and the past; it includes both memories and realities. The halo of old victories, of by-gone merits, of ancient pride, may suffice alone to keep it up in vigorous existence, even though there be no sort of actual foundation to base it on: the situation of France just now supplies evidence of this; her glory is still bright and real, but no one will pretend that it is a product of to-day. Or it may be a gleaming of the passing moment, a fresh instant growth, with no background of recollections, with no associations, with no home to rest in; such was the glory of the Southern States during the Secession war. Glory may be strengthened, or even be suddenly originated, by causes of a totally new kind, which, previously, had never aided to produce it; it is, however, necessary to add, that this is true of modern action only, and that ancient notions about the origin of fame were most exclusive and unelastic. In these days we have grown less difficult; but though we take our glory now wherever we can lay hands on it, it has suffered no loss of prestige, no lessening of its royalty, from the tendency to popularize and multiply its sources. And, to all its elements, whether old or new, a nation adds, as has been already said, the individual glories of her children; she takes them proudly as her own, and joins them to the common stock as the property of all. Was not the glory of Cocles, of Fabius Maximus, of Cincinnatus, the glory of Rome itself? Does not the memory of Thermopylæ and of Marathon belong almost more to Greece than to Leonidas and Miltiades? And, in our own small modern way, do we not, each one of us, claim ardently for England the fame of Newton and of Shakespeare, of Marlborough, Wellington, and Nelson? The rewards which great citizens receive

from a grateful country go down to their descendants as a material testimony of their deeds: but their glory is no heirloom in their family; it becomes the heritage of their land; it remains associated, ideally, with their name, but the State alone makes profit of the power which that glory has created.

And yet this glory, universal and all-including, wide, lofty, and effulgent, as it is, has no proper innate life; it can do nothing for itself; it has no existence without history. Homer invented glory for Hector and Achilles, whose names we should have never heard if there had been no Iliad; such people as Herodotus and Livy gave fame to Greece and Rome; and the glories of to-day are made ready for our use by special correspondents. It is most unpleasant to have to own that merit, however huge, has never obtained renown unless publicity has been good enough to grant it aid; that throughout the centuries which stretch backwards from the "Daily Telegraph" to Thucydides, heroes have been brought into repute by other people's poetry or prose; that their own good swords have only served to sharpen the pens of their historians; that glory has always been, and continues still to be, impossible without advertising. The parallelism of conditions which is indicated by the last sentence between the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand" and Epps's cocoa — between Charles the Twelfth and Dr. Morrison — between Galileo and Messrs. Moses — is so obvious and striking, that it is difficult to comprehend how it has escaped the notice of modern critics. It is to be hoped that they will now give serious attention to it, for it contains perhaps, significant suggestions and hidden meanings, which may throw a totally new light on historical research.

And yet, though glory depends on history as thoroughly as sailing ships depend on wind, its dependence has never in any way affected its nature or career. The means by which it is attained have increased and multiplied; its sources have become various and conflicting; but the effects which it produces have remained unvaried since it was invented. History, with its thousand tongues — history, "the experience of nations," — has been able to add nothing to the qualities and results of glory since it first burst out before the walls of Troy. Through thirty centuries it has endured unchanged; it is, probably, unchangeable; at each new birth it reproduces the same unvarying features;

it rests as solid as the bottom of the sea, uninfluenced by the motion of the waves of time. It has always been a fruit of "virtue," in the great universal meaning of the word; it is so still — the one difference between past and present being, that "virtue" is now more varied and abundant, in consequence of the extension of the power and knowledge of which men dispose. Glory, as Seneca observed, "follows virtue like its shadow;" it is a public admiration founded on brilliant deeds, on great intellectual results, or on vast public services; it is reserved exclusively for those who work for the public good. Montaigne says it is "the world's appreciation of great actions;" Voltaire adds that "it presupposes grave obstacles surmounted;" La Fontaine supports this last opinion by asserting that "*aucun chemin de fleurs ne conduit à la gloire*;" and Corneille confirms it in his famous line — "*A vaincre sans péril, on triomphe sans gloire*." It is, therefore, an illustriousness attached to doings in which the grandeur of the object is united to difficulty of execution; "It is better than celebrity, and more than honour: celebrity may result from bad actions, good ones only can give honour; but glory cannot be acquired except by doing more and better than all the world." Still, like other splendours, glory contains degrees; it is not a race in which all the runners come in first. As happens generally with sovereignties, its thrones are of unequal height; its value varies with its motives and its attendant circumstances: it cannot reach its fullest lustre unless, to quote Seneca again, its sole object is the useful, the honest, and the just. Greece fighting for its freedom was more glorious than conquering Rome; the glory of the great Alexander was feebler than that of Hercules, for Alexander sought for personal satisfactions, while Hercules was the protector of suffering humanity, the Don Quixote of mythology. Brutus was superbly glorious when he condemned his son, but Virginius was not glorious when he killed his daughter — the latter acted for the honour of his family, the former for his country's good: Virginius was a good father and an honest man, but Brutus was a grand citizen. And a hundred other similar comparisons might be made between the sorts, the shades, the looks of glory; each country supplies examples, each age affords us types, of the varying intensities of renown. It is quite true

that, as the Romans put it, "glory enlarges life," but it enlarges it most unequally; sometimes it simply stretches it a little, with a pressure so soft and gentle that no appreciable disturbance is produced; sometimes it forces back the walls which enclose our small existences, and loudly claims more space and light for those it honours; and sometimes it uproots and clears away all limits, destroys all obstacles to its voice, calls upon the amazed world to listen, and then proclaims that another name is written on the first page of the great roll of fame. Then life is "enlarged" indeed; but, fortunately for quiet people, this does not happen often.

The means by which glory can be obtained are quite as numerous as the forms which it assumes; they are abundantly sufficient to largely stimulate ambition. Indeed it would be somewhat imprudent to assert that any cause whatever, provided it be of public interest, is incontestably and absolutely incapable of producing glory. There is no certain reason, as things are going now, for excluding any of the higher works of men from the chance of winning it. It might, in such a case, be limited and special, but still it would be, in a small way, a member of the family, a poor relation, looked down upon, perhaps, by its grander cousins, but with the same blood circulating in its veins, and with as much real right as they to stand out before the universe. And this possibility seems likely to increase; for as throughout Europe the tendency of our epoch is to overthrow monopolies, to open life to competition, to encourage all the talents; and as we are simultaneously acquiring a keener sense of the value of success, a clearer appreciation of the relative importance of the great acts and objects of national existence, — it follows not only that we have more candidates fit to contend for glory, but that we are offering to those candidates new fields of action. We see these influences at work around us; examples stand up vividly before us; the representatives of new action are coming to the front and claiming their share of fame. Watt and Stevenson have attained true glory; other labourers of our century have almost deserved it too; and most of the careers of men are followed now with a vigour and a brilliancy which elevate and ennoble, and which promise brightly for the progress of our children. There was a time when glory was mainly won by war; but that time

passed long ago, and, though war is still a fertile source of vigorous renown, it has abandoned all pretension to monopoly. Literature, religion, science, art, have claimed and have acquired the larger share in the formation of this great product. Lycurgus, Plato, St. Augustine, Michael Angelo, Columbus, Goethe, Beethoven, have gained a glory which is as great in quantity, and purer far in quality, than any that mere battle has ever won. Even in those early days when fighting was the serious occupation of the world, a doubt arose as to the sufficiency of slaughter to constitute real glory. Most of the great conquerors were evidently convinced that battle was not enough; and that if they were to become really grand, they must add to it some other claim on the admiration of mankind. When we look through the glorious periods of the world's history we find that, with rare exceptions, war is not their chief characteristic; there is a good deal of it in some of them, it is true, but there are generally other things as well, and in one or two of them there is no victory at all.

Solomon, for instance, who was the first glorious monarch that we know much about, was certainly not a warrior. He seems to have done no fighting, and to have gained his remarkable reputation by wealth and wisdom only; unless, indeed, the story that he had a thousand wives in any way contributed to it. But even if it did, it would only show that he was very brave towards women — which form of courage has not, thus far, been usually regarded as a ground for glory.

Pericles, who has given his name to the second famous period, was certainly a soldier, and a good one too; but he was a grand administrator as well, and a great lover of the arts. Even his peculiar defect of getting his accounts into horrible disorder has not prevented the duration of his renown; it only serves to comfort public functionaries whose ledgers do not balance.

Alexander, however, was a conqueror, and little else besides; for though he did not habitually destroy, and rather tried to civilize and preserve, he did so only as a consequence of his theories of the use of conquest. He had no pacific virtues; on the contrary, he was a most offensive, murderous brute. It is true that he was friendly with Apelles; that he refused to burn up Athens; that he spared the house of Pindar at the sack of Thebes; that he treated Porus and

Darius with generosity when he made them prisoners, and that he "took from them nothing but glory;" but, notwithstanding these exceptions, he was little more than a half-savage soldier, and he supplies the one example of a purely military glory.

The Augustan epoch of Roman history was literary and brilliant far more than conquering.

Carl the Great (let us respectfully agree with Mr. Freeman that, as he was not a Frenchman, it is absurd to call him Charlemagne) was a true captain; there is no room for doubt about it: but he was a famous lawgiver as well; and, considering his education and his surroundings, he had the soundest notions about literature, and was singularly strong on crops and culture.

The splendid century of the Renaissance, with which the name of Leo X. has become associated, was full of political disorder; and the coming of the Reformation gave to it a character of religious struggle and excitement. But how easily we forget that Pope Leo went to war—how easily we lose sight of his anxieties and his worries; to most of us he is solely the great Medici, the patron and the godfather of a new period, when glory budded in the closet and the studio, and not on battle-fields.

Ferdinand and Isabella made Spain one nation, and drove the Moor across the seas; but their true glory is that America was discovered in their reign.

In recent times, have not the glories of the great Peter, and the greater Frederic, been based on civil merits as well as on military successes? And, to close the list with the greatest name of all, was not Napoleon something else besides a soldier?

These examples appear to be conclusive, and to show that, however largely war has been an organ of glory, other causes have produced it oftener and more largely still. And, in addition to the proof positive thus supplied, there is abundance of proof negative as well; for history is crammed full of soldiers who were always fighting splendidly, who really did great things in combat, but who never thereby earned a place in the catalogue of true fame. The various barbarians who upset Rome, the Arabs who mastered Africa and Spain, the Turks who destroyed the Eastern Empire, were certainly good fighters and rude conquerors; but never did any one of them win standing-room amongst the great war-

riors of the world. We look at them as fierce bull-dogs rather than as out-shining governors of men. They augment the proof that arms alone, however successful they may be, do not invariably and of necessity bestow eternal greatness. Whatever be our prejudice in favour of military glory—and, until we really know what war is, that prejudice seems natural and justifiable—we cannot help acknowledging that more than half of the accepted glories of the world have sprung from civil sources.

This is a satisfactory result to reach; for it would have been mournful to be obliged to own that evidence and experience incline the other way, and that warfare really is the one great progenitor of glory. And our regret would have been based not only on the insufficiency of the cause, but also on the unsatisfactory character of the effect; for of all the categories of glory, that which is won on battle-fields is the only one which really constitutes a vanity. No other glories stoop to self-esteem (though they do like a little flattery), but the pride which a people feels in conquest constitutes by far the largest element of its international conceit; and conceit of that sort invariably takes a shape which is at once aggressive and offensive. The bumpiness of victory presents the most colossal form of selfishness and impertinence; the bully of our school-days and the Prussia of to-day are examples of the fruit which it produces. We may indeed rejoice that time and knowledge have generated new seeds of glory, and that, though the flower retains its old perfectness of form, its ancient brilliancy of colour, the plant itself has discovered how to grow on other soils than those which were once supposed to be essential to its development. Even material progress may now be classed amongst the possible origins of glory; national prosperity, successful trade, great fleets of merchant-ships, increased production of the taxes, inventions, and the advance of comfort and well-being, may all be counted, in the actual condition of the world's opinions, as elements of the glory of a State. It is well that we have reached this intelligent comprehension of the true nature of renown; for it would have been strange indeed if glory, the child of virtue, had remained inaccessible otherwise than by war, a process which is absolutely contrary to virtue. It is true that there are around us many instances of such dissimilarity between origins and results:

bright butterflies are hatched from caterpillars ; sweet perfumes are now extracted from the residues of gas-making ; paupers grow sometimes rich : on this showing, consequently, there ought to be no essential reason why, in principle, unworthy causes should not occasionally produce fame. But, whatever be the theoretical considerations on the point, it is manifest that, in practice, glory is unlike butterflies, sweet smells, or money ; it positively will not take birth in dirty places ; it is too high-bred to accept low contact ; and if it not unfrequently sprouts up in blood and battle, it is from mere force of habit and from ignorance of the fact that war is atrociously unvirtuous. This last assertion renders it advisable to look at war a little, in order to see how it really is composed ; the explanation will enable us to better judge the nature of the relationship between it and glory.

What is this war which seems so grand ; this war whose echoes fill the earth, whose fire-flashes dazzle onlookers ; this war which agitates us beyond all excitements ? Enough, in all conscience, has been written about its grandeur, its ferocity, its horror. We have all been told a thousand times that it has exercised more influence than any other cause on the history of the world ; we are aware that it has made and unmade nations ; we know that it produces slaughter, suffering, starvation, and disease ; and that in no case, however necessary it may have been, has it done real good to men. We are conscious that it has never caused lasting benefits to either conquerors or conquered ; that it has invariably, in the long run, damaged both sides ; and that the one argument which can be invoked in favour of it is, that we cannot do without it. But, notwithstanding all these convictions, we go on admiring it, and building glory on it. We are divided into "the bad who think war a pleasure, and the good who think it a necessity ;" but, whichever way we take it, we respect in it the sovereign tribunal of the earth. Now, here begins our blindness ; here we indulge the sort of fallacy which Lord Stowell called a "wild conceit ;" for how can respect be due to a tribunal whose first act is to suppress all law, to annul all right, to put an end to justice ? This is what war does, for war cannot coexist with justice, right, or law ; and the evidence thereof is woefully abundant. We find it everywhere. Marius exclaimed that "the din of arms pre-

vented his hearing the laws ;" the bashful Pompey, who was so timid that he blushed when he had to speak in public, asked, "Am I, who am in arms, to think of laws ?" Ennius said of soldiers, "They have recourse to arms and not to right ;" and Tacitus informs us (though we were aware of it without his attestation) that "in the highest fortune what is strongest is most just." If from this purely Roman evidence we turn elsewhere about the world, we find great mounds of proofs to the same effect. The books on the law of nations are brimful of it, and we may consult them usefully and safely, for they do not touch the sentimental phases of the case, or even analyze its moral elements ; they confine themselves to principles, practices, and precedents ; they indicate the rules which ought to guide belligerents ; they acquaint us with the principles on which war should be conducted.

They tell us that the first consequence of war, in its action on right and justice, is to abrogate all treaties which previously existed between the warring nations. Now "abrogating treaties" is a euphemism for doing away with law, for treaties are the law by which nations regulate their mutual relations ; and though it may be urged that, as war puts an end to all relations, there no longer remains anything to regulate, that argument is illusory ; it neglects the substance for the shadow ; it considers only the result, and fails to justify the cause. The fact remains unaltered that the instant consequence of a state of war is to destroy all former legal bonds between the parties, including, besides treaties, all the unwritten rules and usages which are habitually applied between friendly States, and to free them from all further care for the obligations which, to that moment, had served to guide their mutual attitude. But here again it will be said that those cancelled obligations are at once replaced by other duties fitted to the new conditions which result from war, and that these latter duties constitute a new legal bond as strict and real as that which rested on the previous obligations contracted during peace. Such reasoning is, however, in contradiction with all our ideas of right : we have been taught to think that right is based on truths which cannot vary ; that it is unchanging always and forever, in principle and in application ; that robbery and murder, for example, are invariably wrong. If this be a correct impression, how can it ever be

come right to legalize robbery and murder? How can it be justice, to use the words of Cato, "to put private robbers into prison, while public robbers are seen in purple and in gold"? If the commandments do not mislead us, and if the code which we have based upon them is not altogether childish, it really is and always will be wrong to kill and steal. The question is, of course, open to discussion, like all other questions; and ingenious minds may find subtle reasonings to show that nothing can be more beneficial to humanity, or more in harmony with the objects of creation, than to assassinate and rob: but notwithstanding the considerations which may be invoked in favour of that view, the popular impression is at present the other way. There is a general feeling not only that robbery and murder deserve punishment, but that they never can under any circumstances become acts of virtue. Common sense joins justice in insisting on the soundness of this view, and in protesting that the laws of war are powerless to change axioms which are as immovable as the north star. Of course, both robbery and murder and all manner of ill-treatments are necessary in war, and of course war is indispensable and must go on; but let war be recognized as it is, and let us cease to attribute to it the imaginary faculty of conferring upon wrong the qualities of right. We are not making the absurd attempt to prove that war in itself is bad, or that it ought to be suppressed; that insensate effort may be abandoned to the excellent enthusiasts who are pleased to waste upon it their energy and their time: our object is very different; it is to show that, however needful war may be, it is utterly unworthy of moral approbation, and ought not consequently to be admitted as a source of glory. Material admiration it may legitimately provoke; but glory is supposed to derive its breath from other parents than physical endurance, brute strength, or successful violence. If this last idea be wrong, then the remains of Cribb and Sayers should be transferred at once to Westminster Abbey, a vote of thanks should be addressed by Parliament to their memories, and town and country houses should be bought by national subscription for their descendants.

All this is not much like virtue, but at all events it is truth; and yet, though truth and virtue meet here once more, according to their old habit, they cannot travel on together in agreeable friendship,

but must separate at once, with a distant bow, as if they were mere casual acquaintances. Truth sometimes obtains permission to follow a campaign and to write home letters to the newspapers; but virtue has no place in camps, and no general would allow rations to so embarrassing a follower. Virtue would therefore starve if it tried to stop; for though truth can pillage for subsistence (as it often pillages for news), poor virtue could not condescend to feed itself by such unworthy means, and would have to look on hungrily and die. So it wisely recognizes that it had better stay away.

One glance at war has thus sufficed to show us that its first step is to renounce all relations with those two venerable personages law and virtue; and, as we go on, we shall find it break with so many other worthy principles that we shall end by being unable to discover any moral merit, excepting sometimes truth, with which it remains on speaking terms. And yet it has always been a source of glory. It deludes us by its dangers, its brilliancies, its results; its cruel splendours dazzle us; the sufferings which it causes startle us; its vast consequences impress us; and, in our hot eagerness and emotion, we give no thought to the underlying falseness. We fancy that we know what war is, that we judge it, and appreciate it; we imagine that we understand it and measure it exactly; and that, though sad indeed, it really is grand and noble. It does seem so from the standpoint whence we habitually perceive it; but regarded at other angles, looked at especially from beneath, with a clear view of its foundations, it becomes the most tremendous sham, the most incomparable imposture, which men have hitherto invented. There is no other such example of the successful covering up of the black side of a big subject; nowhere else are all the moral principles on which life habitually rests pitched coolly into a corner to lie there behind a gorgeous curtain until they are once more wanted; vainly should we look elsewhere for a second case of huge iniquity kept out of sight by a radiance of deceptive majesty. Nearly all of us are so blinded by this coruscating brightness that we take it to be good honest light; and under that erroneous conviction we form our notions about war. It would be useless to define the popular impression on the subject; to describe the conflicting sentiments of horror, admiration, tumult, pity, fascination, applause, and awe which war

usually provokes amongst spectators : we have passed recently through that state of mind ; we know it well, and do not require to be reminded of it. But what we rarely think of, what indeed we scarcely realize at all, is the moral blank which war creates, the suppression of all right and conscience which accompanies this glory. We stare at its material consequences ; we mourn over the material price at which the consequences are bought : but somehow we lose sight almost entirely of the inversion of all the rules of morality and duty which it entails. Indeed we fancy that all sorts of conscientious changes have been introduced latterly into the ordering of war ; and that we have carried it, after centuries of improvements and reforms, to a singularly high state of combined gentleness and destruction. The so-called laws of war will enlighten us as to these improvements.

The first point which strikes us in these laws is the separate and special character which they assume, and the absence of all kinship or relation between them and ordinary laws. Their essential object is to confer on fighting nations a new class of rights which did not exist in time of peace, which are in total contradiction with all other rights, and which seem consequently to lead us to the absurd conclusion that right is not a principle but a mere matter of time and place, and that there may be two rights on the same question. However much we may repeat to ourselves that all this is necessary, no necessity can persuade us that it is licit : we feel instinctively that these laws of war are not laws at all : we see that they contain absolutely none of the conditions which are indispensable to legality ; that they are nothing else than arbitrary, temporary rules, adopted, in the absence of all law, because any rule, no matter what, is preferable to anarchy. It may be said that what they enact is lawful, but that it is not legal ; for there is certainly a difference in the meaning of the two words, although the dictionaries do not state it. Lawfulness apparently implies that an action is authorized by a law, whatever be that law, and whatever be the action authorized ; but legality seems to indicate "the inward principle as well as the external form, the spirit as well as the letter" of the law. If this distinction be correct, the word legality can apply only to such provisions as are in harmony with eternal right and justice : and as the object of the laws of

war is to regulate proceedings which are in opposition with right and justice, it seems to follow, logically, that they are themselves illegal. For instance, these laws lay it down that all citizens of a nation become the personal enemies of all citizens of a hostile nation, and are bound, in theory, to kill each other whenever they meet face to face ; and by another article of the same code, enemies continue enemies everywhere, the whole world over, with the one satisfactory reserve that they cannot fight on neutral territory. This principle applies so copiously that women and children are included in its action, and are, putatively, "enemies," like men ; though belligerents are now good enough not to shoot them indiscriminately, but limit their responsibility to the acts of war which they may personally commit. According to these definitions, war ought to render contending countries very like that odd cave in Florida in which countless myriads of rattlesnakes are continuously eating each other up. Another honest edict is, that when hostilities begin, all private debts are immediately suspended between subjects of warring States ; bills of exchange remain unpaid, and contracts become void : for traders with liabilities abroad a rupture of the peace may consequently be a delightful incident, while it ruins those unlucky persons who have money to receive. And then comes that curious abomination privateering, by which energetic sailors are permitted to turn pirates without being hung ; by which private individuals acquire the power of carrying on sea-combat for their own account, as if they were emperors or sharks. It can scarcely be pretended that prescriptions such as these are "legal," for they are in opposition with the whole essence and signification of legality as it is understood and practised in every other circumstance of life. It cannot be asserted that the exceptional situation created by the breaking out of war suppresses fundamental truths, enables States to upset moral axioms, and empowers them to change the entire substance of their responsibilities and duties. It cannot be alleged that what was quite wrong yesterday can grow quite right to-day ; that what was false can suddenly become true ; that fixed principles can change at the sounding of a trumpet. Either there is no reality in anything, or else the laws of war are an absurd and lying mask under which the world is mean and weak

enough to try to hide its consciousness that war is a foul evil-doer, knowing neither honesty, nor sincerity, nor virtue.

And it is on foundations such as these that men build glory!

There is plenty more of the same kind to say. Thus far we have talked only of the theory: let us look a little at the practice: let us contemplate these soldiers whose deeds fill history; what we shall observe in them will not modify our opinion. Is it not a curious commentary on the idea of military glory, that, since wars began, warriors have been paid for fighting? Is it not rather contradictory that fame and booty should associate together, that pillage and renown should march in company? And is it not more fantastic still that these laws of war, which allow military money-making without stint on land, should suddenly become so frightfully particular, when they turn to sea, that no naval prize is good until it has been verified and condemned by special judges? It is amusing to take note of this violent reaction towards seeming honesty; it shows us that, even in the midst of battle, there remains a memory of the old fancies about fair play, and that conscience has insisted on the partial application of those fancies as a homage to the suspended laws of peace. It must, however, be particularly vexing to sailors and marines to think, that while they are obliged to ask leave of lawyers before they can comfort themselves with their takings, their colleagues in the other service enjoy their perquisites unchecked, and can appropriate, without control or hindrance, all the loot they can get hold of on battle-fields or in stormed towns. Sailors, it is true, have one advantage which compensates them for this restriction; they can seize prizes wherever they can find them, in all latitudes; while the official plundering of land combatants is now limited, by usage, to conquered Africans and Asiatics. Europeans seem, of late years, to have politely ceased to strip each other's dead, and to sack each other's citadels and cities: they have substituted another form of pecuniary profit, less exciting but more advantageous; they have adopted, in place of the elementary system of authorized individual rapine, the larger, cleaner, and more scientific spoliation of requisitions and indemnities. This modern progress does not, however, really affect the question: the bandit practice of pillage and marauding has changed its

shape; but the old principle of making money out of war remains in fuller force than ever. If we are to believe historians, kings simply fought for glory in the early days: we are assured that, until the time of Ninus, warriors "did not seek empire, but glory; and, content with victory, abstained from empire." If this be true, the ante-Ninus period may have merited much undisputed fame, only the want of a contemporaneous chronicler has prevented our knowing enough about it to judge with certainty. According to this story it was Ninus who, by inventing conquest, destroyed pure military glory. Since his day war has become a trade in which the firm, the managers, and the clerks, all seek for profit: in that respect it is like upholstering or making nails, only it is less comfortable and more dangerous. Ninus is the first example (supposing always that the legend is exact) of what we now call "a practical man of business:"—he thought mere glory quite absurd; he was not content to "fight for an idea," so he employed victory to win lands, gold, and subjects; and his example has been largely followed.

It is now followed more than ever: the theory of extracting profit out of battle is growing all around us: campaigns invariably finish by a payment in cash or territory; it is in hope of a compensating gain of some kind that Europe keeps up countless armies, and feverishly goes on improving armaments. The effort to develop force is, however, not a new one: in this odd trade of fighting, "*ou, pour vivre, on se fait tuer*," the world has been constantly advancing: we have got on, by degrees, from the most elementary to the most scientific forms of mutual destruction; the intellectual character of the means of war has risen in more than equivalent proportion to the development of intellect in other callings; as Mr. Bagehot says, the progress of the military art is "the most showy fact in human history." And, during recent centuries at least, it has been aided by the marked change which has been occurring in the influence of our civilization as compared with that of ancient times. Civilization no longer makes men unwarlike or effeminate; on the contrary, it has become an invigorating, fortifying power, both to mind and body; it renders us more fit than ever to discharge the functions of a soldier. But, while it has improved both men and weapons, it has simultaneously confirmed

the money-making tendencies of war ; indeed, after the example we had four years ago, it is rather frightening to look forward to the fate of the conquered country in the next struggle which comes off. We may be quite certain that tons of gold will be demanded as if they were cigars or *allumettes* ; and that the character of ill-tempered commercial speculation which war is more and more assuming, will come glaring out with a ferocity of purpose of which we have had no example since the time of Shylock. We shall hear no more of generosity : no one will ever think of imitating the conduct of the Romans to the population of Camerina ; indeed, it will probably be denied that there is any truth in the story told by Grotius, that after the Camerinotes had been defeated, seized, and sold by Claudius, the Roman people, doubtful of the justice of the proceeding, sought out the recent slaves, repurchased them, restored their liberty and their property, and gave them a dwelling-place on the Aventine. Modern war is not conducted after that foolish fashion ; it winds up now, just as a police case does, with a fine of five *milliards* and costs.

These considerations seem to prove the soundness of the view which has been advocated here ; they lead us to admit that, whatever be the utilities of war, it never has been, and never can be an honest process ; and that, consequently, it is an unclean origin for glory. As that is what we have been endeavouring to establish, we can now change the subject, and lift up our eyes to purer sources of renown.

The genius of creation confers a very different glory from that which the faculty of destruction is able to bestow : the originators of human knowledge, the great teachers of mankind, have a vastly higher and brighter claim to our admiration, than all the chieftains of the hosts of war. The progress of the sciences, the letters, and the arts, has raised up a larger mass of spotless fame than all the world has known from war ; fame of a sort that we can all applaud without distinction of nationality, for we all gain equally by its causes, whatever be our country. That glory illuminates the whole earth ; it has opened for us new conditions of existence and sensation ; it has raised us nearer to eternal truth by enabling us to better understand that truth. That, indeed, is glory undeniable, whether it be won by studying the living things around us, the rocks beneath us,

or the stars above us ; whether it rests on abstractions of pure thought, on the analysis of man himself, or on the display of mind in art or letters. To celebrate it we need no battle-pieces and no trophies, no soundings of the trumpet, no laurels and no cannon ; it can be duly honoured in one form only by the gratitude of all society, throughout the centuries, for the immensity of the service rendered. This glory is complete, unsullied, unattackable ; for it has been gained without inflicting suffering or practising injustice. Of each of those who have acquired it we may say, in the words of the inscription on the bust of Molière at the French Academy — “ *Rien ne manque à sa gloire ; il manquait à la nôtre.* ”

The purity of the sources of non-military glory suffices, singly, to authorize these big descriptions of it ; but there is about it a special characteristic which justifies them further still. Nations usually become wildly vain of their successful soldiers ; but their pride in their great civilians never stoops to vanity — it remains high, wise, and worthy. Soldiers rouse up a feverish excitement which civilians, luckily, do not provoke. The crowd is always ready to feel personal conceit about the warrior ; while civil virtue causes a calmer but far nobler emotion. The pride of nations is less permanently served by triumphant wars than by great uses of the mind for public good ; but that pride remains strictly national in the latter case, while it becomes singularly individual in the former. Each member of a nation associates himself with the heroic deeds of his fellow-countrymen, and fancies, half unconsciously perhaps, that he personally had some share in them ; but never does he picture to himself that he has assisted in discoveries or in great works of thought. We Englishmen all imagine, for example, without much difficulty, that we have helped indirectly, by our character, to win England's battles ; or, at all events, that we could help seriously if we tried ; but very few of us suppose that we could have aided to find out the laws of gravitation, to paint Reynolds's pictures, or to write Childe Harold. It naturally results from this wide difference of impressions that, while the military glory of a state is appropriated, in small fractions, by each of its enthusiastic citizens, its civil glory remains always condensed and national ; it continues to be the undivided property of all, with no individual claim to any part of it.

Consequently, as vanity is, after all, a purely personal product, as it cannot become national unless—as, however, is frequently the case—the members of the nation unite their own prides in a concrete form, in order to create a common stock, it follows that, as no single citizen feels vanity for himself in the civil glories of his land, that land can have no vanity about them either. They stand up, therefore, above and beyond all vanity; and that is a quality so rare, that it would suffice alone, even if they possessed no other, to endow them with matchless value, and to entitle us to say all good of them.

But civil glories are so rich in other merits that even this striking excellence can scarcely amplify them; it cannot largely add to what is so large already; it consequently serves for little except to prove that the superiority of civil glory over military fame is not limited to the greater purity of its sources, but that nations take a higher attitude about it too. And if, from origin and attitude, we pass on to uses, we find civil glory more admirable still; for each and every one of its employments is an encouragement and a counsel.

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime;

and certainly, no example is more stimulating or more strengthening than the one they set before us. Not that it has any application to the persons of our ordinary selves; but it authorizes us to indulge the hope that, after Aristotle, Bacon, and St. Thomas—after Raphael, Mozart, and Canova—the world may some day see successors of their power rise up to brighten coming ages.

And yet, though in origin, in attitude, and in uses, the peaceful elements of fame possess all these exclusive merits, it must be owned that the outer aspects of glory remain, as has been already said, exceedingly alike in each of its two forms. The varieties are all virtually the same to look at: they vary in brilliancy and force, but that is the only external difference they present; each glory that exists, whatever be its source, is like all other glory: no special type of it exists for civil merit, and it only remains for us to regret once more that success in war and success in peace should still continue to stand on the same level in the world's eyes.

And now, if we behave properly, we should put back glory on its pedestal,

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dust it carefully, surround it with flowers, lights, and music, make a profound bow to it, and withdraw. But as we have got hold of it, we will keep it a little longer and will profit by the opportunity to offer to it one small, respectful observation. We reserved at the beginning the right to speak out frankly: let us use it.

Glory is so great, so high, so distant, and so different from all other privileges, it is so thoroughly itself, and nothing else, that one might reasonably suppose it to be uncopyable, and an imitation of it to be inconceivable. Such, doubtless, would be the case if glory always held itself in its lordly place; if it never forgot its sovereign dignity; if it refused to stoop to make acquaintances. But glory is only human after all; it is like all other powers, its grandeur bores it somewhat—it finds imperial solitude rather stupid, so it surrounds itself with a court. So far, however, glory simply gives in to a not unnatural weakness, and can scarcely be reproached for not having the mournful courage to live all alone, like Simeon the Stylite, on the top of a solitary pillar. It is in its consequences, rather than in itself, that relationship with the outer world becomes damaging to glory; it is in the neighbourhood of parasitic envies and toady parodies, in the facility of imitation which easy contact gives, that the true danger lies. The wish to make cheap copies of real glory—to create, by impudent reproduction, an unauthentic and ungained fame—is frequent enough in history; so frequent, indeed, that we see almost everywhere, side by side, the reality and the sham, and perceive how the little counterfeit has endeavoured to struggle into existence beneath the shade of its mighty model. Glory has, from all time, permitted assimilators to get close to it: they did not wait for the invention of photography; they began to simulate the features of the original as soon as it first stood out in the light of day. Icarus flying upwards to the sun and melting his waxen wings in its contemptuous heat; Phaeton madly striving to share Apollo's glory and tumbling headlong from his car; Erostrates setting fire to the Temple of Diana with the sole object of making known his name,—are instances of sham glory in ancient times. Constantine pretending to replace Rome; Amerigo Vespucci standing sponsor to the new world; John of Leyden setting up as monarch of New Sion; Louis XIV. assuming as his own the victories of Condé, Villars, and Turenne,—are more modern

cases. And recently we have contemplated George IV. professing to be the first gentleman in Europe, and M. Thiers regarding himself as king of France. This last example is the most tremendous and conclusive of the list. M. Thiers had written so much about the empire, he had lived in such intimacy with the glories of Napoleon, that he could not help attempting, as soon as he got a chance, to play at glory for his own account; but, in his presumption, he got too near the sun, and there, like Icarus, singed off his wings, and, parallel to Phaeton, upset his coach. And yet there are people who pretend that history does not repeat itself!

The lamentable story of the late president of the French republic ought to be a lesson to real glory, as well as to aspiring quackery. It leads us to remark to glory, that if it had always stood away on its own high throne, it would not have turned the ambitious head of M. Thiers; and that France might, not impossibly, have obtained a government by this time. It renewed towards him its old habit of making love to history, and thereby encouraged the envious historian to imagine that it was not impracticable to acquire, in his own small person, some portion of the fame which it was his duty to describe. This example ought to impress on glory that it is really time to leave off stimulating small vanities second-hand, and that is the advice which we presume to offer to it. Of course it is quite evident that in venturing to blame glory for foolishly condescending to provoke third-rate candidates to run after it, at any cost to the people round them (as Phaeton grilled up the earth in his upstart folly), we are, in fact, blaming nobody but ourselves: we speak of glory as an existing personage, in the same sense as happiness, enthusiasm, disgust, or rage, may be called living entities; but, like them, it is nothing but a sentiment of our own making, for whose qualities and defects we are answerable ourselves. It is we who have created it, who have rendered it what it is, who have assigned to it its merits, and have attached to it its faults. It is the most superbly brilliant of our creations; it seems indeed almost to lie beyond our power of production; and yet, with all its gorgeous attributes, it remains helplessly under our control. Dependent on contemporary approbation for its birth and baptism, dependent upon history for its preservation and transmission, it is forced to follow the caprices and the weaknesses of successive ages.

The responsibility of misleading it is therefore ours: in pretending to remonstrate with it we are discussing with ourselves; but we are talking on a subject so infinitely noble, that we should be both foolish and ungrateful to listen carelessly. Our interest and our dignity are alike concerned in the maintenance of glory unparagoned and unspotted; to keep it so we have but to lift it higher still, above the reach of little hands that can but finger-mark it, and little tongues that can but smear it. What we should do is to decide unanimously, throughout the world, that, henceforth, glory shall be guarded from the profanation of impertinent approach; that everybody, as heretofore, may win it if he can: but that no one shall, under any pretext, be allowed to copy it, and that all new yields of it must be original. We have had too many struggles for fictitious fame; it is time to put a stop to them for good, and to insist that, for the future, we will admit nothing but authentic types. Plated work is bad enough even when limited to forks and spoons; it is altogether inadmissible for glory. False hair, false teeth, false eyes and noses are excusable on the ground of physical necessity; but imitation glory corresponds to no need whatever, either personal or national, and we ought all to swear that we will have no more of it. False great men are not, however, easy to demolish; and even if we make up our united minds that we will suppress them, we shall not find the task a simple one. But that is no reason for not trying; and certainly the result, when once attained, would confer an enormous service on posterity. An *Index Expurgatorius* of spurious renowns should be attached to all school histories, so as to prevent inexperienced students from being any more deluded. It would naturally commence with that first sham glory, the tower that was built at Babel; and would finish, for the present, with the sea-serpent, Thiers, and the open ocean at the pole.

It is worth observing that the longing for usurped celebrity has been, almost invariably, confined to men, and that women have but rarely stooped to it. From Semiramis to Mrs. Somerville, from Deborah to Joan of Arc, all famous women have fairly won their fame. Even such minor lights as Cleopatra, Queen Elizabeth, and Catherine of Russia, had honest claims to the small positions they assumed. This is probably because, with their finer instincts, women see and feel,

as men do not, that no faithful likeness can be made of glory, and that when we foolishly attempt to produce a portrait of it, we never get beyond caricature. Caricature?—A startling thought comes into us. Have we ourselves fallen into that same disaster without knowing it? We stop with a shiver of alarm.

But we stop about glory only; it would be most discourteous if, under the sudden influence of this emotion, we were to leave the vanities of nations without wishing them good-bye. Whatever we may think of them, let us, at all events, be polite. We have made acquaintance with them in some detail; we know approximately what they are, and in what fashion they behave; and we are aware that, notwithstanding all their outrageous faults, they have an excellent position in society. So let us conduct them to their carriage. Another reason for offering them our arm for the last time is that they are so wonderfully like certain painted, over-dressed, old women that we all have met, who persist in youth and sprightliness despite their years, who try hard to get us to make a little love to them, who are particularly ridiculous and absurd, but who give good dinners, and to whom we are, in consequence, civil from pure selfishness. Their gowns are riotous and show too much faded skin; the diamonds on their fingers attract too much attention to their shrivelled hands; their talk is simultaneously amorous and spiteful: but with all these repulsive peculiarities, they are so full of experience of the world, so crammed with amusing stories, so well up in social scandal, and so excessively insinuating, that one supports them as an inevitable nuisance which has its pleasant side. We don't respect them, though we dine with them: we think they might just as well expire at once, and leave their fortunes—which are very large—to less deceptive candidates for public admiration; but we should shrink from killing them, even if we could do so without being caught; for our ill will against them is scarcely deep enough to tempt us on to crime. International conceits are much of the same nature as these old ladies, and inspire the same sort of sentiments; but as they do not act for their individual advantage—as they operate in no way for themselves, but for all of us collectively—they differ, morally, from worldly dowagers. The likeness, therefore, does not go beyond outside similarities of features and of

manner. The vanities of States wear rouge and ostrich-feathers, just like the others, and go to court, and have themselves announced by tremendous names, and make so much noise that they oblige everybody to turn round and look at them; but they do it all with a good intention, and are, for that one reason, more edifying than the wizened dames with whom we have been comparing them. But still we can imagine no equally correct similitude for the antiquated pretentious mannerisms by which each nation manifests its self-esteem. It would be far pleasanter, of course, and more patriotic too, to liken them to charming children, full of grace and truth and innocence; and to comfort ourselves, on taking leave of them, with the thought that they have, deservedly, before them a long career of brightness, usefulness, and teaching. But, alas! we cannot imagine that at all: it is quite the other way. These vanities will continue to last on—their duration will, according to probabilities, be terribly persistent; but they will not lead the cheery, lightsome, laughing life of well-taught girls, who are fitting themselves to become useful women. There is nothing for them but the pertinacious though propped-up existence of frivolous, affected, rich old females, whose early education has been neglected, and who have never recovered the lost ground.

Yet nations hold on solidly to their vanities. They do not appear to be at all ashamed of them, or to think that they are either comical or inutile. They treat them very seriously, and do not essentially see anything to laugh at in them,—which utter want of the sense of the ridiculous makes one sorry for the nations. When we look back at them, they seem scarcely worthy of the respectful treatment they everywhere receive. We have glanced at titles, ceremonial, decorations, privileges, forms, and surely we cannot urge that any of them are essential to our progress or our honour. Some of them are occasionally useful; that is undeniable: but when they do happen to be useful, it is always in small ways; there is absolutely nothing in them, even in their best shape, which elevates or ennobles. It is in the flag alone that we find a great idea; it is in glory only that we find a noble pride. The others, without exception, are little and unworthy. But they are like war in one respect—we can use nothing else instead of them; so apparently we shall go on employing them, as we go on fighting.

Yet, after all, why should we desire to suppress them? It is no particular concern of ours if other nations are rather foolish; indeed it might be advantageous to us that they should be so, if only the United Kingdom were a model of superior wisdom. But there again arises an objection; superior wisdom is often such an insufferable bore, that we should probably get quite tired of it in a fortnight, and should wish ourselves back once more amongst the general average of foolish people. Perhaps things are better as they are than they would be otherwise: we are not invariably safe judges of what suits us; and in this case, as in others, we might make a considerable mistake by purifying too much.

And now we say farewell to international vanities. Not with emotion or regret, but with civil, calm indifference, as one salutes a fellow-traveller (on the Continent) at a journey's end. They have not gained much by being better known; they still deserve to be described as little subjects with great names.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
ISMAILIA.

GONDOKORO, as most people who read English know by this time, is an important point or station on the Upper Nile, which has become famous during the last few years through the visits of several well-known travellers and explorers. It may be questioned, however, whether readers in general have realized the facts as to its position. Khartoum, the town at the junction of the Blue and White Niles, the seat of the government of Southern or Upper Egypt, lies above the sixth cataract, at a distance of some 1,500 miles from Cairo. Up to this point the Nile is a clear open river, with a permanent channel navigable for large vessels. Beyond it the main channel disappears in many places, and the huge stream filters down south through vast masses of vegetation hardening into morass, and lakes which are silting up and changing their forms from month to month—almost from week to week. And away beyond this dismal swamp, 1,409 measured miles south of Khartoum, and 1,621 feet above the Mediterranean, lies this same Gondokoro.

Any one who has travelled straight away from Boston or New York to Sioux

City, or other outpost station on the Upper Missouri, knows what 1,400 miles mean, and also in some degree what it is to feel like being somehow on the edge of the known world. But 1,400 miles of drift-weed and morass between you and the nearest station inhabited by a white man in the centre of Africa! One cannot altogether wonder that the hearts of the men in Baker Pasha's expedition were broken by the time they reached this (so-called) resting-place. The strain even on the strong heart and will of their commander shows here and there in his journal. "We appeared," he writes, "to have forsaken the known world, and, having passed the river Styx, to have become secluded forever in a wild land of our own, where all were enemies like evil spirits, and where it was necessary either to procure food at the point of the bayonet or to lie down and die." And again, "We were lost to the world almost as absolutely as though quartered in the moon." Add to this, that Gondokoro and the immediate neighbourhood was the general depot for all stolen cattle and slaves, and the starting-point for every piratical and man-hunting expedition, which he had come expressly to put down; that his troops, except those under his own immediate personal influence, who formed his body-guard, were utterly averse to the work in hand, and that the neighbouring tribes were all in league with the slave-traders, and openly hostile to Baker Pasha and his mission—and we have a picture of as unpromising a situation, and of as heavy a piece of work as have fallen to the lot of any amongst that small band of Englishmen who, from the days of Drake and Frobisher and Hawkins to those of Rajah Brooke and Bishop Patteson and David Livingstone, have been told off, as it were, in one way or another as pioneers in the dark places of the earth.

At Gondokoro, then, the old mission station, being such a place as this, Baker Pasha and his expedition arrived on the 15th of April, 1871. They found the old settlement abandoned, only some half-dozen broken-down huts standing. The mission-house, which had been built of brick, and which was standing in 1865, the date of Baker's last visit, had utterly disappeared. The natives had, it seems, pulled it down, and ground the bright red bricks into fine red powder, which, mixed with grease, served them as a holiday costume on special occasions—"the house of God turned into pomade divine,"

as the pasha puts it. The only trace left by the mission was an avenue of fine lemon-trees, still standing, though sadly broken here and there, under which the neglected fruit lay rotting, bushel upon bushel — more melancholy surely than if there had remained no trace at all of the men or their work.

Such was Gondokoro on the 15th of April, when Baker selected the sites for his own station and that of the main body of the expedition. For the former he chose a rising knoll by the river-side, some six acres in extent, upon which grew a few large trees. The *diah-beeah* — a roomy, comfortable Nile-boat in which Lady Baker lived — was moored close by the bank, and the fine grass in front was kept closely cut, like a lawn some thirty yards in depth, on which stood a fine butternut tree, their outdoor drawing-room. On the knoll the body-guard (the "Forty Thieves," as they were endearingly called) and other retainers were housed in a few days in neat huts, each surrounded by a garden of its own, which within a week were sown with "onions, radishes, beans, spinach, four varieties of water-melons, sweet melons, cucumbers, oranges, custard-apples, Indian corn, garlic, barmian, tobacco, cabbages, tomatoes, chilis, long capsicums, carrots, parsley, and celery." Large gardens were also formed at the headquarters' station, the site of the old mission, where the troops were employed daily from 6 A.M. till 11 in agriculture, and by the 27th of April almost all the crops had appeared above ground. Within another month the larger station was completed and fenced, powder and other magazines erected with galvanized-iron roofs, and all necessary arrangements made for permanent occupation.

In expeditions to distant lands, Baker maintains it is necessary "to induce feelings of home amongst your people." A hut is only shelter, but a garden planted by themselves at once catches hold of the wildest natures. Even the liberated slaves learned in a few weeks to take a deep interest in their gardens at Gondokoro, and not a day passed without request for leave to work with hoe or spade.

The incidental glimpses we get of the home life of the little station are singularly bright and fascinating, probably all the more so from its terrible and anxious surroundings. The deck of the *diah-beeah* is furnished with easy-chairs and carpets; eighteen can dine there comfort-

ably. The negro boys and girls, most of them released from the slave-traders the year before, lower down the Nile, have grown into most respectable lads and lasses under Lady Baker's discipline, and have learnt to wait at table and do all kinds of domestic work neatly and well. The boys are — Amarn, the delicate little Abyssinian; Sâat and Bellaal, fine powerful lads of fourteen and fifteen; Kinyon (the crocodile), a Bari orphan boy who had come into the station and volunteered to serve; Jarvah, the fat boy, cook's mate, with a keen eye to the pots, controlled by the cook Abdullah, formerly a Shillook slave, now an excellent culinary artist, though dull, and calling cocks and hens "bulls" and "women;" and lastly, little Kookoo, a Bari boy of six, who had stolen in from his tribe, and gradually settled himself in the kitchen.

These six boys are dressed in uniform of loose trousers, reaching half-way down the calf, blouse, and leather belt with buckle, and fez for the head. Uniforms of dark blue, with red facings; or for high days white with red facings, and strong brown suits for travelling and rough wear. There are regular hours for every kind of work; and the boys are so civilized that they always change their clothes to wait, and "are of the greatest possible comfort, thieving being quite unknown amongst them." In fact, they have been so well trained and cared for by Lady Baker that "in many ways they might have been excellent examples for boys of their class in England." One can only wish in these days that some such could be imported from Central Africa. Three out of the number never required even a scolding through the long expedition south of Gondokoro, which is the subject of the second volume. The girls are not so promising or attractive, though they too are dressed in pretty uniforms, and manage to learn washing under the old black duenna Karka. Then round the central household, we find those of the "Forty Thieves" and other retainers grouped, and get a familiar acquaintance with many of these fine fellows — with poor Ali Nedjar, the fine-tempered champion runner and athlete, brave as a lion, whose name, after his death, his commander carved on the stock of his snider, and reserved the weapon for the best man of the body-guard — with Monsoor, the faithful Christian — with the graceless fisherman Howarti, who in answer to Baker's remonstrance, "Ah, Howarti,

you are a bad Mussulman ; you don't say '*Bismillah*' when you cast your net," replied, "It's no use saying '*Bismillah*' in deep water — nothing will catch them in the deep ; and I can catch them without '*Bismillah*' in the shallows."

Nine months of such domestic life must leave some mark for good, one would say, even at Gondokoro. But perhaps we delay too long on this side of the vivid picture which is painted at once with rare plainness and skill in this charming book. Let us look outside the little six-acre knoll by the side of the Nile. The large camp, containing at first some 1,200 soldiers and their followers, under Colonel Abd-el-Kader, with the flag of Egypt flying from a mast eighty feet high in the centre, is the first object which meets us. Within we find constant alternations of confidence and hopelessness and despair, breaking out into remonstrance and all but into open mutiny. The Khedive of Egypt, their ruler, has sent this Christian pasha down into these strange lands "with supreme power, even that of death, over all those who compose the expedition," with "the same absolute and supreme authority over all those countries belonging to the Nile basin south of Gondokoro." His mission is, so runs the firman, "to suppress the slave-trade ; to introduce a system of regular commerce ; to open to navigation the great lakes of the equator ; and to establish a chain of military stations and commercial depots, distant at intervals of three days' march, throughout Central Africa, accepting Gondokoro as the base of operations." What right the Khedive had to grant such a firman we will not stop just now to inquire. Under it, at any rate, here is this Christian pasha bent on carrying out the whole of the objects therein indicated, and above all, that most hopeless and unpopular of all, the suppression of the slave-trade. He is a man of iron, with whom no one can trifle, whom no one can escape. Not an officer of the expedition can pick up a slave girl or boy ; not a man can offer the slightest insult to a woman, or appropriate the smallest piece of property, without running imminent risk of severe flogging, if not worse.

They are sent down through these frightful wastes of mud, weed, and water, through which they have spent months in cutting passages which have closed up behind them, to carry out such a mission, under such a commander. Around them

the whole of the country, occupied by the Bari tribe — a tribe so numerous and warlike that Abou Saood, the chief of the slave-dealers, finds it politic to be in alliance with them — is fiercely hostile. The chiefs are insolent, defiant ; do "not want any government ;" will supply no provisions ; in a few weeks are openly at war with the expedition, and harassing the camp by constant alarms and attacks.

It is scarcely to be wondered that his troops should have been one long and constant cause of anxiety to him, and that their conduct both in camp and in the field should have been such as to make him almost despair again and again. Nevertheless in the nine months, from April 15, 1871, to January 22, 1872, Baker had so far succeeded in his work as to have brought all the surrounding tribes to acknowledge his authority and sue for his friendship, and to have so thoroughly established the settlement of Gondokoro as to feel justified in leaving it under the command of one of his native officers, with a force, including sailors, of 145 muskets, while he himself, taking Lady Baker and his household with him, and 212 officers and men, started south to endeavour to complete the work of establishing military and commercial stations, and suppressing the traffic of the slave-dealers in the equatorial regions south of Gondokoro.

This second act opens with an effort on the part of the soldiers, by tumultuous remonstrance — or, in plain words, unarmed mutiny — to resist the expedition south of Gondokoro. By this time Baker was well aware that the suppression of the slave-trade, though to him the paramount object of the expedition, was not one in any favour either with the authorities whom he was serving or his own soldiers. But he had more than grudging support and passive resistance to reckon with. The whole country which he was going to annex, and civilize if he could, was already leased to a great Egyptian trading firm — Agad and Co. — of which one Abou Saood was the representative. This firm paid a yearly rent of some 3000*l.* to the government of the Soudan for the trading monopoly, and Abou Saood was the most notorious slave-trader on the Nile. He kept in his employment paid bands of kidnappers, had established stations as centres of the traffic up and down the whole district, and had hitherto sent his ships with cargoes of slaves down the Nile in perfect impunity, bribing the officials at the gov-

ernment stations, who, we find, from Dr. Schweinfurth, took "from two to five dollars a head hush-money" for every slave they allowed to pass. It is not possible from the evidence given in the book to satisfy oneself whether the Khedive himself really knew of this lease to the great slave-dealing company, and the use which was made of it when he issued his firman to Baker. The lord of Egypt knows apparently not much more of what goes on in these distant southern regions than officials, interested in keeping things as they are, choose to tell him, and we may perhaps fairly give him credit for a genuine wish to establish order and put down kidnapping so long as he keeps an Englishman at the head of affairs.

It is certain, however, that Baker knew nothing of the lease when he accepted his mission, and that it added enormously to the difficulties he had to encounter. Thus far he had overcome them; but the establishment of a station at Gondokoro, and the submission and pacification of the Bari tribes in its immediate neighbourhood, were only a small part of the work he had undertaken. South of Gondokoro, and between it and the great lakes, lay a fertile district, between three and four hundred miles across, which was the favourite ground of the slave-traders. In it they had four large stations, the principal being at Fatiko, which kept the country practically in their power. Beyond lay the kingdom of Unyoro, which Baker knew well, and with the late king of which he had been on terms of friendship nine years before. Beyond Unyoro, again, lay the kingdom of Uganda, ruled by M'tesé, also an old friend. These two kingdoms were, comparatively speaking, well organized, and capable of resisting the slave-traders; while the latter, Uganda, was already in communication with Zanzibar on the Indian Ocean. If the intermediate district could be cleared of Abou Saoud and his bands there was every hope for the future. If not, his mission would have been a failure, and the clouds under which all atrocities might go on with impunity would close over Central Africa again. In this conviction the pasha started on his expedition from Gondokoro, by the conduct and results of which he will in the end be judged. And here one must face one set of criticisms which the publication of this book, and the conduct of its author, have called forth in abundance, and of which we have not heard the last.

Giving Sir S. Baker all credit, it is said, for his own intentions, he knew that in carrying them out he must annex large districts inhabited by free tribes to a kingdom despotically governed. To do this these tribes must be subdued by force, when necessary, which is not the work for which Englishmen are honoured in their own country.

Sir S. Baker had counted the cost before he put his hand to the work. Long residence in these countries had convinced him that the one practicable step for the improvement of Equatorial Africa was the establishment of a permanent government over these tribes, and that the only country which could form such a government was Egypt. Had England remained in Abyssinia the case would have been different; as it was, there was no alternative, and he frankly accepted the responsibility. "The first steps in establishing the authority of a new government," he writes, "over tribes hitherto savage and intractable, must of necessity be accompanied by military operations. War is inseparable from annexation, and the law of force, resorted to in self-defence, is absolutely indispensable to prove the superiority of the power which is eventually to govern."

There is the case, put shortly. And we do not think any average Englishman, wishing to see right done in the world, and wrong put down — nay, we will go further, we do not think any fair-minded member of the Anti-Slavery or Aborigines Protection Society, whose special aim in life is to raise and protect the inferior races, and see that they get fair play — can doubt that Baker came to a right decision, or would wish that he had never accepted service under the Khedive of Egypt. It is unfortunately a condition of the world in which we live that, as Mr. Biglow bitterly remarks in one of his early poems,

Civilization must go forrard,
Sometimes upon a powder-cart.

It is a blessing for the world when the powder-cart is pulled by men, who, to the strength of will and genius necessary to leaders in such undertakings, add the kindness, the patience, and the humanity of Sir S. Baker.

He himself anticipates the strictures of another class of critics. Military men will condemn his advance south. Scarcely, one would think, for here at any rate the test is success. Besides, as he urges, "if risks were to be measured in Africa by

ordinary rules there would be little hope of progress." Neither in Africa, nor indeed elsewhere. If Baker is to be blamed in Africa, the same blame must attach to Sir C. Napier in Scinde, and to Sherman in Georgia. A base, and communications with it, are of course the first necessity in war. But a commander who is always thinking of his base, loses as much power for his work as a preacher who is always thinking about saving his own soul. Whether looked upon from a political or military standpoint, this expedition of Sir S. Baker's must always remain one of the most noteworthy of our stirring times. Let any one who doubts go to this book and judge for himself. He will be well rewarded in any case by the intense interest of the story.

After the preliminary difficulties of transportation had been overcome, the little band of 212 men, with Sir S. Baker's household, started away southwards for Fatiko, the principal town and station of the intermediate land between Gondokoro and the kingdom of Unyoro; 165 miles from the former place, and nearly 4,000 feet above the sea-level. Every day's advance brings them into finer country, and makes Baker's spirits rise and his views widen, as we learn from the extracts from his journal. He finds himself in a district with which he is familiar, and in which he knows that he must have many friends left. On February 2nd, they reach the highest point of their route, eight miles from the Asua River, and begin to descend towards Fatiko. Here "the promised land" breaks upon them. "The grand white Nile lay like a broad streak of silver on our right, as it flowed in a calm, deep stream direct from the Albert N'yanza. Its waters had not as yet been broken by a fall; the troubles of river-life lay in the future."—"Here had I always hoped to bring my steamers, as the starting-point for the opening of the heart of Africa to navigation." (By this time, the steamer put together at Gondokoro during his absence by his English workmen may be actually on these waters.) Before them, as they descended, lies the vast plain of Ibrahiméyah, destined in Baker's judgment to become the capital of Central Africa. Splendid visions fill his brain of the trade, developed by the steamers on the Albert N'yanza, and concentrated on this spot, whence there will be a regular camel-post to Gondokoro until the short railway of 120 miles is built, which will open the very heart of Africa to steam-transport direct

from the Mediterranean — when the traveller will embark at London Bridge, disembark at Gondokoro, and with one shift of luggage find himself steaming on the bosom of the mysterious equatorial lakes! Golden dreams! — but already on the high-road to fulfilment. "I revelled in this lovely country. The air was delightful. There was an elasticity of spirit, the result of the atmosphere, that made one feel happy in spite of many anxieties. My legs felt like steel as we strode on before the horses, rifle on shoulder, into the broad valley." Cortez, "silent upon a peak in Darien," must have had something of the same feeling.

But Baker is soon saddened in spite of the wonderful beauty and abundance of the land. "Neither a village nor the print of a human foot appeared. This beautiful district, that had formerly abounded in villages, had been depopulated by the slave-hunters."

On the 6th of February, they burst suddenly on Fatiko, the band playing, the 212 rank and file dressed in their scarlet shirts and white linen trousers, and Lady Baker and the household all in their best. They halt before the place in full view of Abou Saood's station, occupying thirty acres, and from which, as Baker could see through his glass, crowds of slaves were already being hurried out towards the south. One of the first deputation which approaches the pasha turns out to be his old dragoman, Mohammed, now in the service of Abou Saood, but a repentant dragoman longing to be quit of slave-running. Soon, several natives come out, and recognize the pasha and Lady Baker, and are delighted at their return. The drums beat in the slaver's station, and a number of men form themselves under crimson flags in front of the town. But Abou Saood is not yet prepared for resistance, and himself appears, professing good-will, and anxiety to assist the pasha.

Baker excuses himself for not having arrested this arch enemy at the beginning of the expedition, and had he done so, it seems more than probable that all the subsequent bloodshed might have been saved. For in this district, north of Unyoro, he effects his object without firing a shot. The sheiks come to him, delighted that he is in power, ready to acknowledge him and his government, and praying only to be rid of the slave-dealers and Agad and Co. Scruples as to the position of these people, as holders of a kind of title from the same government

he was serving, seem to have had great weight with Baker, and to have caused him to deal with great caution and forbearance.

One hundred men under Major Abdulah were left to hold Fatiko, and the march to Masindi, the capital of Unyoro, commenced on March the 18th. Through the intrigues of Abou Saood, and the consequent difficulty of obtaining carriers and provisions, the capital was not reached till April 25th. On the way Baker took possession of Foweera, the southernmost station of the slave-traders, a beautiful site on the banks of the Victoria Nile, and enlisted Suleiman, the *wakeel* of Agad and Co., and his men whom he found there as irregulars in the government service. He had scarcely turned his back when they were at their old practices again. Round this station the country was now a wilderness, which seven years before Baker had left "a perfect garden, thickly peopled, and producing all that man could desire." But civil war had raged in Unyoro, fomented by the slave-dealers, and at the moment of his arrival Abou Saood's men were about to march with the young king's forces to attack a powerful neighbouring chief, Rionga by name, who had always maintained his independence of the king of Unyoro. This raid was prevented by Baker's arrival, and Kabba Rega, the young king, who had ascended his father's throne by means of treacherous murders, and seems to have been a drunken coward, bitterly resented the miscarriage of his plans. Studied neglect and deliberate insult on his part were rebuked with firmness, time after time, but with no good effect. The liberation of a number of Unyoro women and children from the slave-dealers did not mend matters. The declaration of the Egyptian protectorate on the 14th of May, and finally the reception by Baker of a deputation from his old friend the king of Uganda (M'tésé), seem to have brought matters to a crisis. During their residence in Masindi Baker's force had built a strong fort capable of resisting any sudden attack, which was scarcely finished ere it was wanted. After several hostile demonstrations and an attempt to poison the whole force, which was within an ace of success, the smouldering flame broke out, and a general attack was made on the fort, which ended in the defeat of the natives, the destruction of the town, and its subsequent evacuation by Baker on the 14th of June.

The story of the march through grass eight or nine feet high, and forest, back to Foweera, through constant ambuscades, is one of the most intense interest, and after reading it breathlessly, one is still at a loss to understand how it could have been so signally successful. The admirable coolness and courage of the men, and their absolute trust in their leader, will account for much. These blacks, under their gallant colonel, Abd-el-Kader, might now be trusted to do all that fighting men could do. But their number had been reduced to 100, or, including four sailors and four of the Bari tribe who had learnt to fall in as soldiers, to 108. These, marching in single file through the dense grass, had to protect the women and servants, and carry the baggage, the strongest men being loaded with sixty-four pounds of ammunition each.

A Bari guide led the advance-guard of fifteen men, under Abd-el-Kader, armed with sniders. These were supported by Baker himself with ten sniders in charge of the ammunition, and followed by Lieutenant Baker, Lady Baker, and servants. The rear-guard consisted of fifteen sniders under Lieutenant Mustapha. Each man was ordered to keep just near enough to be able to touch the knapsack of the man before him, knowing that should this line be broken by a sudden rush all was over. If attacked on both sides, as was often the case, the alternate files were to face right and left, place their loads on the ground, and fire low into the grass. Orders were passed along the line by buglers, who were with the advance and rear guards, and with Baker.

In this formation they marched the eighty miles, with a loss of ten killed and eleven wounded, including in the latter category the commanders of the advance and rear guards, Abd-el-Kader and Mohammed Mustapha. None but black troops, Sir S. Baker writes, could have endured such a march with heavy weights on their heads in addition to their usual accoutrements.

They had been obliged to halt for three days on the way to attend to the wounded, and allow Lady Baker and the women some rest. They reached Foweera on the 25th of June, and were now safe in the country of Rionga. But that march from Masindi could never have been successful but for the providence of Lady Baker. Looking at all that was going on around them in the capital, and the daily-growing hostility of the king and chiefs,

shown in the scarcity of supplies furnished, she had put by more than twelve bushels of flour in a secret store, the existence of which enabled her husband to feed the troops for seven days of the march to Foweera. Had it not been for this store—had the troops been compelled to forage for food as well as fight their way through ambuscades, and carry baggage—not a man or woman could have escaped. No wonder that when the disclosure of the hidden treasure was made officers and men exclaimed, "God shall give her a long life!"

The wish will be echoed by every reader of the book. The presence of Lady Baker, everywhere, on the Nile-boats, in the stations, on the marches, in bivouac, in action, runs like a pure white thread through the whole narrative. As the gentle and skilful nurse of sick and wounded, the protector and educator of the weak and young, the wise adviser and courageous friend of her husband through all the trying scenes of those four years, her figure and surroundings stand out in exquisite relief from the dark, and often repulsive, background of the picture. It is difficult to realize how the gentle and refined lady, whom so many of us have seen by Sir S. Baker's side at the Geographical Society and elsewhere, can have gone through such scenes. Through the whole expedition she seems to have lost nerve only once, when her favourite little Jarvah, "the fat boy," was killed by a spear close to her side on the march from Masindi. "This loss," we hear, "completely upset my wife." Poor Jarvah had on several occasions exposed himself to protect her from danger.

From the arrival in Rionga's territory the narrative brightens into one rapid and continuous success. After "an exchange of blood" between this chief and two of his great men, and Sir S. Baker, Lieutenant Baker, and Abd-el-Kader—a ceremony which the pasha and his officers underwent with considerable disgust—the pasha returns to the station at Fatiko, leaving Abd-el-Kader with a detachment to assist in installing Rionga as the head of the Unyoro country. In his absence the slave-traders had regained courage and power, and he found his lieutenant almost besieged in the government fort. A short and sharp action follows. Abou Saood's men being the aggressors, ending in the complete rout of the slave-traders, with the loss of their most notorious leaders. The survivors send in their submission, and take

service under the pasha's government. Then follow the emancipation and return to their own homes of slaves confined in the stations, the building of a fine fort at Fatiko, correspondence and alliance with M'tésé and Rionga, great hunting-parties, and the laying-out and cultivation of gardens and orchards. Then we have the return to Gondokoro, the last works there, including the building of a tomb over the grave of Mr. Higginbotham, the chief engineer, who had died during Baker's absence, and the parting with his old soldiers on the 25th of May, who broke out into shouts, "May God give you a long life! and may you meet your family in good health!" as he walked down their line for the last time.

Sir S. Baker's command was now at an end, and the work he had set himself seemed to have been accomplished. "Every cloud had passed away, and the term of my office expired in peace and sunshine." We trust, indeed we believe, that he is right, and that what he has achieved will make the horrors of the past impossible in the Nile basin, if not in all Equatorial Africa. Still his voyage down the Nile proved to him that the slave-traffic was not at an end; and the appointment of Abou Saood as assistant to his successor after his own departure from Egypt (where he had left that personage a prisoner awaiting his trial) must have convinced him that much yet remains to be done before the waters of the great stream and those fertile provinces will be delivered from the curse of slavery. But a strong light has been brought to bear on the subject, which is not likely to grow weaker; a path has been opened to commerce in countries where a few English needles may be exchanged for a tusk of ivory, worth from 20*l.* to 30*l.*; and for another period of four years another Englishman of the first mark has succeeded to the power which was so well wielded by Sir S. Baker. We have faith in such pioneers; and believe that Chinese Gordon will, like his predecessor, prove too strong for the opposing influences behind and around him, and will perfect the work, the commencement of which is chronicled in these volumes.

There is one other point which must strike every reader of this book, and that is Sir S. Baker's frank generosity to his subordinates. There is scarcely a bitter sentence in it from beginning to end against the most unwilling and incapable of his Egyptians, and he can even hasten to say all the good which can be

said of such characters as the Arab slave-drivers, Wat-el-Mek and Suleiman, when they show the faintest signs of penitence and desire to turn honest men. As to his own countrymen, he can never praise them enough. "How often my heart has beaten with pride," he writes, "when I have seen the unconquerable spirit of my country burst forth like an unextinguishable flame in any great emergency." This was at the mutinous crisis before the start of the expedition from Gondokoro southwards; and the same thing occurs again and again. There is not a word but of warm appreciation in the mention of any Englishman, while in the few plain sentences which record the deaths not only of Mr. Higginbotham and Dr. Gedge, but of Ali Nedjar and Monsoor, there is a note of genuine tenderness which has the true ring about it, and is all the more attractive from its setting. His companions seem as a rule — one may say, with one exception — to have been worthy of such treatment, and to have appreciated it.

Africa has absorbed in this generation much of the superfluous energy of England, and seems likely not to abate her demands. By arms, by missions, by commerce, we are more and more bound to that mysterious continent. In their several callings, Mackenzie and Colenso, Livingstone, Speke, Grant, Bartle Frere, Lord Napier, and Sir Garnet Wolseley, have done notable work. But as yet only the fringe of the great land has been affected. At last, Baker and Gordon seem likely between them to open up the heart of Africa to their countrymen. There will be no want of good men to follow up their work, in the interests of Christian freedom.

THOS. HUGHES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

CHAPTER XXXV.

(continued.)

"MR. BROWN," she said, when his tale was done, "I am very, very thankful to you for telling me. I should never have known but for you. For I ought to say that my people and Val's people — I mean my cousin's — are not quite — quite good friends. I must not say whose

fault it is," said Vi, with a suppressed sob; "and I don't see Lady Eskside now — so without you I should not have known. Mr. Brown! would you mind writing — a little note — just two lines — to say how he is when you get back?"

"Mind!" said Dick. "If you will let me —"

"And you can tell him when he gets well," cried the girl, her voice sinking very low, her eyes leaving Dick's face, and straying into the glow of sunshine (as he thought) between the two great trees — "you can tell him that you met me here; and that I was thinking of him and was glad — glad to hear of him —" To show her gladness, Violet let drop two great tears which for some time had been brimming over her eyelids. "It is dreadful to be parted from a friend and to hear no word; but now that I know, it will not be so hard. Mr. Brown, you will be sure to send just two lines, two words, to tell me —"

Here her voice faltered, and lost itself in a flutter of suppressed sound — sobs painfully restrained, which yet would burst forth. She did her very best, poor child, to master them, and turning to Dick with a pathetic smile, whispered as well as she could — "I can't tell you how it all is. It is not only for Val being ill. It is everything — everything that is wrong! Papa, too — but I can't tell you; only tell him that you met Violet at the linn."

"I will tell him everything you have said. I will write, if you like, every day," cried poor Dick, his heart wrung with sympathy — and with envy as well.

"Would that be too much?" she asked, with an entreating look, "Oh, if it would not be too much! And, Mr. Brown, perhaps it will be best to send it to mamma. I cannot have any secrets, though I may be unhappy. If you will give me a piece of paper, I will write the address, and thank you — oh, how I will thank you! — all my life."

Dick, who felt miserable himself, he could scarcely tell why, got out his note-book, with all the rough little drawings in it of the brackets at Rosscraig. He had not known, when he put them down, how much more was to befall him in this one brief afternoon. She wrote the address with a little hand which trembled.

"My hand is so unsteady," she said, "I am spoiling your book. I must write it over again. Oh, I beg your pardon; my hand never used to shake. Tell Val

—but no, no. It is better that you should not tell him anything more.”

“Whatever you bid me I will tell him. I will do anything, everything you choose to say,” said Dick, in his fervour. She gave a surprised wistful look at him, and shook her head.

“I must think for both of us,” she said; “and Val is very hasty, very rash. No, you must not say anything more. Tell him I am quite well if he asks, and not unhappy — not very unhappy — only anxious to know; and when he is well,” she said, with a reluctant little sigh, “you need not mind writing any more. That will be enough. It is a terrible thing when there are quarrels in families, Mr. Brown.”

“Yes, indeed,” said Dick, who knew nothing about families, nor about quarrels, but followed with a curious solemnity the infantine angelical wisdom and gravity of her face.

“A terrible thing when people try to hurt each other who ought to love each other; and some of us must always pay for it,” said poor Violet, in deep seriousness — “always, always some one must suffer; when it might be so different! If you are going back to Rosscraig, you should go before the sun sets, for it is far, when you don’t know the way.”

“And you?” said Dick, rising in obedience to this dismissal, yet longing to linger, to prolong the conversation, and not willing to allow that this strange episode in his life had come to an end.

“My way is not the same as yours,” she said, holding out her hand with gentle grandeur, like a little princess, sweet and friendly, but stooping out of a loftier region, “and I know every step. Good-bye, and thank you with all my heart. You must keep this path straight up past the firs. I am very, very glad I was here.”

“Good-bye, Miss Violet,” said Dick. It gave him a little pleasure to say her name, which was so pretty and sweet; and he was too loyal and too respectful to linger after this farewell, but walked away as a man goes out of a royal presence, not venturing to stay after the last gracious word has been said. He could not bear to go, but would not remain even a moment against her will. When he had gone a little way he ventured to turn back and look — but nothing was visible except the trees. She had disappeared, and the sunshine had disappeared; it seemed to Dick’s awakened fancy as if both must have gone together.

The last golden arrow of light was gliding from the opposite bank of the river, and all the glade between the bushes lay dim in the greyness of the evening. What a change it made! He went on with a sigh. Violet had gone back to the foot of the tree, and was waiting there till he should be out of sight; and Dick divined that this was the case, and that she wanted no more of him. Well! why should she want any more of him? She was a lady, quite out of Dick’s way, and she had been very sweet to him — as gracious as a queen. Between this impersonation of sweet youth, and the other figure, old Lady Eskside, with her dignity and agitated kindness, Dick was wonderfully dazzled. If all ladies were like these, what a strange sort of enchantment it must be to spend one’s life in such society. Dick had never known any woman but his mother, whom he loved, and upon whose will he had often been dependent, but to whom he was always in some degree forbearing and indulgent, puzzled by her caprices, and full of that tender patience towards her which has in its very nature something of superiority; and to find himself suddenly in the society of these two ladies, one after the other, both taking him into their confidence, betraying their feelings to him, receiving, as it were, favours at his hand, had the most curious effect upon him. He had never felt so melancholy in his life as when Violet thus sent him away; and yet his head was full of a delicious intoxication, a sense of something elevated, ethereal, above the world and all its common ways. Should he ever see her again, he wondered? would she speak to him as she had done now, and ask his help, and trust to his sympathy? Poor Dick had not the remotest idea that those new sensations in his mind, this mixture of delight and of melancholy, this stirring up of all emotions, which made his long walk through the woods feel like a swallow-flight to him, had anything to do with the vulgar frenzy he had heard of, which silly persons called falling in love. He had always felt very superior and rather contemptuous of this weakness, which young men of his class feel no doubt in its most delicate form, like others, but which is seldom spoken of among them in any but that coarse way which revolts all gentle natures. So he was totally unwarned and unarmed against any insidious beginnings of sentiment, and would have resented indignantly any idea that his tender sympathy with this little

lady, who had opened her heart to him, had anything whatever in it of the character of love. How could it have — when the very foundation of this strange sweet revelation to him of an utterly new kind of intercourse and companionship, was the love, or something that he supposed must be love, between Mr. Ross, his patron, and this little princess of the woods? What a lucky fellow Mr. Ross was, Dick thought, with the tenderest, friendliest version of envy that ever entered a man's bosom! and then it occurred to him, with a little sigh, to think that the lots of men in this world were very different; but he was not, he hoped, so wretched a fellow as to grudge his best friend any of the good things that were in his share. Thus he went back to Rossraig with his mind entirely filled with a new subject — a subject which made him less sensitive even than he was before to any new light upon his own position. He looked at Violet's writing in his note-book with very bewildering feelings when he got at night to the luxurious room where he was to sleep. She had written the address very unsteadily, then crossed it out, and repeated it with great care and precision — Mrs. Pringle, Moray Place, Edinburgh. Though it slightly chilled him to think that this was her mother's name, not her own, yet the sense of having this little bit of her in his breast-pocket was very delightful and very strange. He sat and looked at it for a long time. On the page just before it were these notes he had made of the brackets in the great drawing-room. These were the tangible evidences of this strange mission of his, and sudden introduction into a life so different from his own. It just crossed his mind to wonder whether these scratches on the paper would be all, whether he might look them up years hence to convince himself that it was not a dream. And then poor Dick gave a great sigh, so full and large, expanding his deep bosom, that it almost blew out his candles; whereupon he gave a laugh, poor fellow, and said his prayers, and got to bed.

As for Lady Eskside, she showed more weakness that particular evening than had been visible, I think, all her life before. She could not sleep, but kept Mrs. Harding by her bedside, talking in mysterious but yet intelligible confidence. "You'll set to work, Margret, as soon as I've gone, to have all the new wing put in order, the carpets put down, and the curtains put up, and everything ready for

habitation. I cannot quite say who may be coming, but it is best to be ready. My poor old lord's new wing, that gave him so much trouble! It will be strange to see it lived in after so many years!"

"Indeed, and it will that, my lady," said Mrs. Harding, discreet and courteous.

"It will that! I don't suppose that you take any interest," said Lady Eskside, "beyond just the furniture, and so forth — though you've lived under our roof and ate our bread these thirty years!"

Mrs. Harding was a prudent woman, and knew that too much interest was even more dangerous than too little. "The furniture is a great thought," she said demurely, "to a person in my position, my lady. If you'll mind that I'm responsible for everything; and I cannot forget it's all new, and that there is aye the risk that the moths may have got into the curtains. I've had more thought about these curtains," said the housekeeper with a sigh, "than the queen herself takes about the State."

"You and your moths!" said my lady, with sharp scorn. "Oh, Margret Harding, it's little you know about it! If there was any way of keeping the canker and the care out of folks' hearts! And what is it to you that I'm standing on the verge of, I don't know what — that I've got the thread in my hand that's failed us so long — that may be after all, after all, my old lord may get his way, and everything be smooth, plain, and straight for them that come after us? What's this to you? I am a foolish old woman to say a word. Oh, if my Mary were but here!"

"My lady, it's a great deal to me, and I'm as anxious as I can be; but if I were to take it upon me to speak, what would I get by it?" said Mrs. Harding, driven to self-defence. "The like of us, we have to know everything, and never speak."

"Margret, my woman, I cannot be wrong this time — it's not possible that I can be wrong this time," said Lady Eskside. "You were very much struck yourself when you saw the young — when you saw my visitor. I could see it in your face — and your husband too. He's not a clever man, but he's been a long time about the house."

"He's clever enough, my lady," said the housekeeper. "Neither my lord nor you would do with your owre clever men, and I cannot be fashed with them myself. Now, my man, if he's no that gleg, he's

steady; and I'm aye to the fore," said Mrs. Harding, calmly. This was a compensation of nature which was not to be overlooked.

"You see, you knew his father so well," said Lady Eskside, with an oracular dimness which even Mrs. Harding's skill could scarcely interpret; and then she added softly, "God bless them! God bless them both!"

"My lady," said the housekeeper, puzzled, "you'll never be fit to travel in the morning, if you don't get a good sleep."

"That's true, that's true; but yet you might say, God bless them. The Angel that redeemed us from all evil, bless the lads," murmured the old lady, under her breath. "Good night. You may go away, you hard-hearted woman; I'll try to sleep."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LORD ESKSIDE was seated in a little dingy sitting-room in Jermyn Street. Once upon a time, long years ago, the Esksides had possessed a town-house in a region which is no longer habitable by lords and ladies; but as they had ceased for years to come for even that six weeks in London which consoles country families with a phantasmagoric glimpse of "the world," the town-house had long passed out of their hands. Lord Eskside had spent this dreary week in rooms which overlooked the dreary blank wall of St. James's, with its few trees, and the old gravestones inside — not a cheerful sight for an old man whose last hopes seemed to be dying from him. He had employed detectives, had advertised with immense precaution in the newspapers, and himself had wandered about the town, night and day, seeking his boy; while the few people whom he met when he appeared at rare intervals in such streets as are frequented by anybody worth speaking of, paid him compliments on his grandson's success, and hoped that Val when he appeared in the House of Commons, would show himself worthy of his race. "I expect him to do us credit," the old lord said, working his shaggy eyebrows in such a way that his acquaintances thought he had some nervous complaint, and shook their heads, and wondered that "in his state of health" he should be in town alone. What bitter pangs were in his heart when he said these words! The boy had done them credit all his life up to this moment. If it was not the loftiest kind of reputation which Val had acquired, it was yet a kind high-

ly estimated in the world, and which young men prized; and no stain had ever touched that bright young reputation, no shadow of shame ever lighted upon it. And now! These congratulations, which in other circumstances would have been so sweet to him, were gall and bitterness. What if Val had disappeared like his mother, with all the indifference to the claims of life and duty which that unprincipled, uneducated woman had shown? What if he were so crushed by the revelations suddenly made to him, that instead of taking the manly way, facing the scandal and living it out, he were now to give in, and fail, and leave his place to be occupied by others? The thought of that election declared void for which he had struggled so stoutly, and of some one else coming in upon Val's ruin, triumphing in his downfall, was sharp as a poisoned sword in the old man's heart. Lady Eskside thought chiefly of the boy himself, and of what he might do in his despair; but the public downfall which seemed imminent, added pangs even more bitter to her husband's sufferings. His adversary had done all that an adversary might; but no adversary could harm Lord Eskside and break his heart as his boy could. The old lord was very strong upon race. It was one of the objects of his fullest faith. He believed not only in the efficacy of being well-born, but extended that privilege far beyond the usual limits allowed to it. He had faith in the race of a ploughman as well as in that of his own noble house. But the blood in the veins of his boy had come from a race of wanderers — a species, indeed, not a race at all — made up by intermixtures of which neither law nor honour took note; and how could he tell that the honest ichor of the Rosses would predominate over the influence of that turbid mixture? Already it was evident enough that the vagabond strain had not lost its power. He had feared it all Val's life, and sternly repressed it from his boyhood up; but repression had now ceased to be possible, and here was the evil in full force. Lord Eskside's notion was that no man could be a man who was not capable of setting his face hard against difficulty and fighting it out. To flee was a thing impossible to him; but Valentine had fled, and what but his vagrant blood could be to blame? It did not occur to the old lord that his own son, in whom there was no vagrant blood, had fled more completely than poor Val — turning his back upon

his country, and hiding his shame in unknown regions and unknown duties. Richard's desertion had wounded his father to the quick in its time; but Val had obliterated Richard, and now he scarcely recollected that previous desertion. It never occurred to him to think that Richard's example had put it into the boy's mind to abandon his natural place, and flee before the sudden mortification and downfall. With strange pain, and anxiety deeper than words, he set everything down to the unfortunate mother. Her wild blood — the blood of a creature without reason, incapable of that supreme human faculty of endurance, which was to Lord Eskside one of the highest of qualities — was at the bottom of it all. If he could find the boy in time to exert his old influence over him, to induce him to make a stand against the coward principle in his mind, to bring him back to his duty! Lord Eskside thought of Val as an old soldier might think of a descendant who had turned his back upon an enemy. Shame, and love eager to conceal the shame — sharp personal mortification and the sting of wounded pride, battling with tenderness unspeakable, and anxious longing at any cost, at all hazards, to wipe out this stain and inspire the unfortunate to redeem himself — these were the feelings in his mind. The sharpest ingredient in such a cup of bitterness is, that the parent well knows he cannot work out redemption for his boy. No other but himself can do it. Prayers, and tears, and atonements, and concealments, and all the piteous expedients of human love and misery cannot do it. No man can redeem his brother. The coward must himself prove that he has overcome his cowardice; the man who has failed must himself turn back the tide of fortune and win. And I do not know anything more pathetic in nature than the brave old hero trying hard to put his own heart of gold into the leaden bosom of some degenerate boy; or the pure strong woman labouring to inspire with her own white fervent soul some lump of clay who has been given to her — God knows how — for a daughter. This was how the old lord felt. If he could but put himself, his old steadfast heart, his obdurate courage, his dogged strength of purpose, into the boy! If there was but any way to do it! — transfusion of spirit like that fanciful medical notion of transfusion of blood. Lord Eskside would have given his old veins to be drained — his aged frame to

be hacked as any physician pleased — would have had his very heart taken out of his breast had that been possible — to give the best of it to Val; but could not, heaven help us! — could only sit and think what impotent words to say, what arguments to use, when he should find him, to make the boy stand and endure like a man.

He was sitting thus, his head leaning on his hand, his shaggy eyebrows so bent over his eyes that you scarcely could see them glimmer in the caverns below, though there was a painful suffusion in them which glistened when the light caught it. A claret-jug was on the table and a single glass. He had dined late, after being out all day, and was worn out by the sickness of hope deferred, and the heaviness of disappointment. There was a little fire smouldering in the grate, but he had thrown the window open with an irritable impatience of the close small shut-up room. The distant sounds of the streets still came in, though the full tide of traffic was over. There was still a roll and murmur of distant carriages and voices, the hum of that sea which calls itself London. The old lord paid no attention. He was going over ideas which he had pondered again and again, anxiously, but with a certain languor and hopelessness in his heart. If he heard the carriage stop below, the sound of the opening door, he took no notice. What was it to him? Carriages stopped continually all through the evening. People were always coming and going. What could it matter to him — a stranger, alone?

He sat facing the door — it was a habit he had fallen into since he came here — not with any expectation, but only in case — for, to be sure, some visitor might come, some one with news might come, though he did not look for anything. Even the sound of steps and voices coming up-stairs did not excite him, it was so usual. All at once, however, he roused himself. The door was thrown wide open, without any preliminary, and Lady Eskside walked straight in, her old eyes shining, her figure dilating with triumph, like a figure in a procession. The sight of her startled her husband beyond expression, yet not so much as did the other figure behind her. "You, Catherine, you? and you've got him!" he cried; for there was a certain general resemblance in height and form between Dick and Val. "I've got him!" said Lady Eskside, standing aside with that extraor-

inary air of triumph, to show to her husband the figure of a timid young man, respectful and hesitating, who looked at him with blue eyes, half deprecating, half apologetic. Lord Eskside's heart, which had jumped high, sank down in his breast. He gave but one look at the stranger whom, at first, he had taken for Valentine. "Good Lord! do you mean to drive me mad? My lady! is this what you bring me for Val?" he cried; and turned his back upon the new-comer with feverish irritability, feeling the disappointment go to his very heart.

"Oh, my dear, forgive me!" cried Lady Eskside; "I was not thinking of Val for the moment. Look at him, look at him! look at the boy again!"

"You were not thinking of Val? In the name of heaven, who else was there to think of?" said her husband. He was almost too angry to speak—and so sick with his disappointment, that he could have done something cruel to show it, had the means been in his way.

"Forgive me!" said my lady, putting her hand upon his arm; "but there's news of Val. I have brought you news of him. He's ill—in his bed with fever; oh! when I think of it, I am half frantic to find how long it takes, with all their bonnie railways! But he's safe. It had been more than he could bear. My poor boy!—he's been ill since the day he left us. What ails you? what ails you, my old man?"

"Nothing," he said, fumbling with his hands clasped, his shaggy eyebrows concealing any gleam of the light underneath, his lips quivering—"nothing." It took him a minute to recover himself, to get over the sudden stilling of the storm within him, and the sudden calm that came after so much trouble. The change seemed to stop his breath, but not painfully, and rolled off loads as of Atlas himself—more than the world—from his shoulders. "Wait a moment," said Lord Eskside, his eyebrows gradually widening; "what did you say it was? I did not catch it clearly; ill, in his bed?"

"But nothing to be frightened about—nothing to alarm us——"

"I am not alarmed, I am not alarmed!" said the old lord. To tell the truth, he was giddy with the sudden cessation of pain. "There, Catherine! it's you I ought to think of, after such a journey," he added, quickly coming to himself. "Sit down and rest; no doubt you're very tired. Ill—in his bed?"

Then it's all accounted for; and God be thanked!" said Lord Eskside. He said this under his breath, and drew a chair close to the smouldering fire, and put his old wife into it, grasping her by both the arms for a moment, which was his nearest approach to an embrace.

"But you have not given a look or a thought to—him I brought with me," said the old lady, grasping him in her turn with a forcible yet tremulous hold.

"Him you've brought with you?" Lord Eskside turned round, with a scowl from under his shaggy eyebrows, which meant no harm, but was one of his devices to conceal emotion. He saw a fair-haired timid young man standing irresolute near the door, evidently very uneasy to find himself there, and not knowing what to do. He had Lady Eskside's shawl on his arm, and a helpless, apologetic, deprecating look on his face. The old lord did not know what to make of him. Was it a new servant, he asked himself for a moment? But the stranger did not look like a servant. "Here is somebody waiting," he said, in as quiet a tone as possible, for he did not want to show the impatience he felt.

"Is that all you say?" cried my lady, in keen tones of disappointment. "Oh, look at him—look at him again!"

"Sit down," said the old lord, abruptly. "It is clear Lady Eskside means you to stay, though she is too tired to introduce you. I ask your pardon for not knowing your name. My lady, as you and I have much to say to each other, and the night is far on, could not this business wait?"

"Oh," cried Lady Eskside with a groan, "is that all—is that all you say?"

"My lady," said Dick, emboldened to the use of this title by hearing it used by no less a personage than Lord Eskside himself, "I beg your pardon; but isn't it best for me to go? I will come back for you in the morning before the train starts. I would rather go, if you don't mind." Dick had never felt himself so entirely out of his element, so painfully *de trop*, in his life. He was not used to this feeling, and it wounded him mightily—for he, too, had some pride of his own. And he had not come seeking any favour, but rather conferring one, taking a great deal of trouble, voluntarily, of his own will, for what was no advantage to him. And then Dick had been made much of these two days—he had found himself elevated into a vague region of mystery, where he met with nothing but kind interested looks, phrases full of meaning

which he could not penetrate, but which all tended to make him feel himself of importance. He seemed now for the first time to come down to common life after this curious episode, and the shock was rude. He did not like it; he felt less inclined than usual to put up with anything that was disagreeable. He felt angry even, though he did not wish to show it. What was this old lord to him that he should linger about like a servant, waiting for a word?

"Oh, hush, hush!" said the old lady; "look at him again! You don't think I would come all this way for nothing — me that have not travelled for years. Look at him — look at him again."

"Do you call Valentine nothing? or have you gone out of your wits?" said the old lord, pettishly. "I think the young man is very sensible. Let him come back to-morrow. We have plenty to think of and plenty to talk of to-night."

Lady Eskside was so deeply disappointed that her courage failed her; she was very tired, and so much had happened to take away her strength. The tears came into her eyes, and it was all she could do to keep herself from mere feeble crying in her weakness. "Sit down, Richard," she said. "Oh, my dear, my dear, this is not like you! Can you see nothing in him to tell the tale? I have it all in my hands. Listen to me: I know where she is; I am going to find her: I can make everything all clear. It's salvation for us all — for Val, God bless him! and for this one —"

"For what one?" cried Lord Eskside hoarsely under his breath.

"Oh!" cried Lady Eskside, almost with violence, thrusting her husband away from her, "can you not see? must I summer it and winter it to you — and can you not see? Richard, my man," she added, rising up suddenly, and holding out both her hands to Dick, "you're full of sense, and wiser than I am. Don't stay here to be stared at, my dear, but go to your bed, and get a good night's rest. The woman told me there was a room for you. See that you have everything comfortable; and good night! We'll go down to my boy in the morning, you and me; and God bless you, my good lad! You'll be a comfort to all of us, father and mother, and your grandparents, though they may not have the sense to see. Good night, Richard, my man — good night!"

"What does all this mean, my lady?" said Lord Eskside. He had watched her

proceedings with growing excitement, impatience, and an uncomfortable sense of something behind which he did not understand. "You're not a foolish woman to torment me with nonsense at such a moment. What does it mean?"

"If you had ever looked at the boy, you would have seen. It is Richard himself come back," cried the old lady: "Richard, not what he is now, as old a man as you and me, and tashed and spotted with the world; but my son as he was, when he was the joy of our hearts, before this terrible marriage, before anything had happened, when he was just too good, too kind, too stainless — or so at least you said; for me, I never can see, and never will see," cried Lady Eskside, indignantly, "that it is not a man's crown and glory, as well as a woman's, to be pure."

"My lady! my lady!" said the old lord. He was walking about the small room in his agitation; his under lip thrust out, his eyebrows in motion, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. "What do you mean?" he cried. "Have you any foundation, or is it all a wild fancy about a likeness? A likeness! — as if in anything so serious you could trust to that."

"Do you mean to tell me you did not see it?" she said.

"Oh, see it! My lady," said the old lord, ungenerously, with a snort of contempt, "you saw a likeness in Val when he came, a dark boy, with eyes like black diamonds, and curly brown hair, to Richard. You said he was his father's image." The old man ended with an abrupt, short laugh. "Catherine, for heaven's sake, no more fancies! Have you any foundation? and the lad not even a gentleman," he added under his breath.

"If you go by the clothes and the outside," cried the old lady, contemptuous in her turn, "how could he be a gentleman? That poor creature's son — nothing but a tramp — a tramp! till the fine nature in him came out, and he stopped his wandering and made a home for his mother. Was that like a gentleman or not? He's told me everything, poor boy," she went on, her tone melting and softening, "without knowing it — every particular; and I am going to find her to clear it all up. When Val gets well, there shall be no more mystery. We'll take his mother home in the eye of day. She must be a changed woman — a changed woman! He's told me everything, in his innocence — how

she would sit and watch Val in his boat, but never said a word. God bless her! for she's been faithful to what light she had."

"What is all this you are saying?" said Lord Eskside. He was utterly subdued. He drew a chair close to hers and sat down, humbly putting his hand on her arm. "Catherine, you would not speak to me so if there was not something in it," he said.

The old pair sat up together far into the night. She told him everything she had found out, or thought she had found out; and he told her what he had been doing, and something of the things he had been thinking—not all, for my lady had never had those fears of Val's courage and strength which had undermined the old lord's confidence. But when she told him, weeping and smiling, of the alliance between the two boys, so unwitting of their close relationship, and of the mother's speechless adoration at a distance of the child she had given up, Lord Eskside put his hand over his face, and his old wife, holding his other hand, felt the quiver of emotion run through him, and laid her head upon his shoulder, and wept there, sweet tears; as when they were young and happiness sought that expression, having exhausted all others. "My dear, we'll have to die and leave them soon," she said, sobbing, in his ear.

"Ay, Catherine! but we'll go together, you and me," said the old lord, pressing the hand that had held his for fifty years; and they kissed each other with tremulous lips; for was not the old love, that outlasted both sorrow and joy, more sacred, more tender, than any new?

Dick presented himself next morning in time for the train; but he was not quite like himself. He had been put on the defensive, which is not good even for the sweetest nature. Lady Eskside had bewildered him, he felt, with mysterious speeches which he could not understand—making him, in spite of himself, feel something and somebody, he could not tell why; and by so doing had put him in a false position, and subjected him to unjust slight and remark. He had not wanted to thrust himself, a stranger, into the interview between my lord and my lady. She had made him follow her against his will, and Dick felt aggrieved. It was not his doing. "Why did she drag me in where I was not wanted?" he said to himself. He was too faithful and loyal not to keep his appointment with her, though the idea of leaving a

note and hurrying away to his work did cross his mind. His work, after all, was the thing that was most important. *That* would not deceive him, as the ladies most likely would, old and young, who had established a claim upon Dick's services, he knew not how. What were ladies to him? He must go back to his work. It was with this sentiment clouding his face that he presented himself next morning, having breakfasted half-sulkily by himself. It is hard for the uninitiated to tell which is virtuous melancholy and which is sulkiness, when an early access of that disorder comes on; Dick felt very sad, and did not suspect himself of being sulky; he knocked very formally at the door of Lord Eskside's little sitting-room. The old lord himself, however, came forward to meet him, with a changed countenance. He held out his hand, and looked him in the face with an eager interest, which startled Dick. "Come in, come in," said Lord Eskside; "my lady is getting ready. We are all going together." The old man held his hand fast, though Dick was somewhat reluctant. "I was startled last night, and could not understand you—or rather I could not understand *her*. But you must not bear me any malice," he said, with a strange sort of agitated smile, which was bewildering to the young stranger.

"I don't bear any malice," said Dick, brightening up; "it would not become me,—and to you that are—that belong to Mr. Ross.

"Yes, I belong to Mr. Ross—or Mr. Ross to me, it doesn't much matter which," said Lord Eskside. "You'll understand better about that by-and-by; but, Richard, my lady's old, you know, though she has spirit for twenty men. We must take care of her—you and me."

"Surely," said Dick, bewildered; and then my lady herself appeared and took a hand of both, and looked at them, her bright old eyes shining. "I can even see another likeness in him," she said, looking first at Dick and then at Lord Eskside; and the old lord bent his shaggy eyebrows with a suppressed snort, and shook his head, giving her a look of warning. "Time enough," he said—"time enough when we are there." Dick went in the same carriage with them, and was not allowed to leave them, though his own idea was that he ought to have travelled with Harding, who had accompanied Lady Eskside; and they talked over him in a strain full of strange

allusions, which made him feel that he did not know what was going to happen — speaking of “her” and “them,” and giving glances at Dick which were utterly bewildering to him. “Here is a packet Richard left for me, though I have never had the heart to look at it,” Lord Eskside said — “the certificate of their birth and baptism.” “And that reminds me,” said my lady, “where is Richard? did he go to you? did you see him? I would not wonder but he is passing his time in London, thinking little of our anxiety. God send that he may take this news as he ought.”

Richard! there was then another Richard, Dick thought. He had been roused, as was natural, by the sound of his own name, but soon perceived, with double bewilderment, that it was not to him, but some other Richard, that the conversation referred.

“You are doing him injustice,” said Lord Eskside; “he came yesterday, but I did not see him. I was out wandering about like an old fool. He left this and a note for me, and said he was going to Oxford. To be sure, it was to Oxford he said; so we’ll see him, and all can be cleared up, as you say, at once.”

“To Oxford!” cried Lady Eskside, a sudden pucker coming into her forehead. “I mind now — that was what he said to me too. Now what could *he* be wanting at Oxford!” said the old lady with an impatient look. She said no more during the journey, but sat looking out from the window with that line of annoyance in her forehead. It felt to her somehow unjustifiable, unnecessary, that Richard should be there, in the way of finding out for himself what she had found out for him. The thought annoyed her. Just as she had got everything into her hands! It was not pleasant to feel that the merest chance, the most trivial incident, a meeting in the streets, a word said, might forestall her. My lady was not pleased with this suggestion. “Talk of your railways,” she said — “stop, stopping, every moment, and worrying you to death with waiting. A post-chaise would be there sooner!” cried Lady Eskside.

From The Contemporary Review.
SAXON STUDIES.
By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.
II. — OF GAMBRINUS.
(concluded.)

V.

It is high time for us to make some pleasant acquaintances; and if we will let our imagination wander citywards, I know a spot where we may meet some. Turning aside from the venerable Schloss Strasse, we traverse a narrower side-thoroughfare, and soon arrive at a low and dark-mouthed archway. We vanish beneath it, and feeling our way along the wall, come presently to a door which, opening almost of itself, admits us into an apartment remarkable alike for its smokiness, its narrowness, and its length. The opposite wall seems to press against us, and we instinctively adopt a sideways motion in walking down the room. Full five out of the seven or eight feet of narrowness are taken up with the square brown chairs and tables, of which there must be enough in Saxony to cover a third of the country's area. The walls are panelled breast high; the ends of the room are indistinct in the smoky haze. All the world is sitting down except ourselves and buxom Ida, who comes tripping along behind us, with both her plump hands full of beer. Let us too hasten to be seated.

The Saxon habit of sitting down to everything is, by the way, one which Americans would do well to imitate, especially when they eat or drink. Man is the only animal that can sit squarely down upon a chair — it is as much his prerogative as laughing or cooking. The moral effect of sitting down is to induce deliberation, and we republicans should have too much self-respect as well as prudence to stand up to a luncheon or liquor-bar like so many sparrows: while our Saxon brother finds his knees giving way at no more than the sight of a toothpick. That foolish relic of barbarism, the practice of rising to toasts, does, it is true, obtain in Saxony no less than elsewhere; but internal evidence justifies the prediction that Saxons will lead the world in refining it away.

Having got us comfortably seated, buxom little Ida caresses the back of our chair while she lends her ear and ear-ring to our order. Ida is always on the best of terms with her company, while maintaining a feminine ascendancy over them. She responds cordially if we summon her

by name, but is deaf to the unceremonious rattling of the *schoppen*-lid, which is the usual way of calling for attendance. She sustains the many personal compliments wherewith she is plied with a rare, complacent equanimity, repaying them with a softened cadence of tone and an approving smile. She has her favourites of course, but so manages matters as not to obtrude the fact unpleasantly upon the less fortunate. When, at parting, we take occasion to slip into her palm an eleemosynary coin, she allows her short fingers to close for a moment over ours in mute friendly acknowledgment. She is a brisk, round, smooth, little body, with no feature or expression worth mentioning, and a figure consisting mainly of rounded protuberances. She knows her duties well, and deftly remembers the idiosyncrasies of her guest, after the first few visits have made him familiar. I have never seen in her face any record or passage of thought: she even adds up her accounts without thinking, and this is possibly one reason why so many small perquisites make their way to her plump pockets. When she finds herself at leisure—usually for an hour or so during the morning and afternoon—she has a well-conditioned little nap in a corner, never bothering her small brainpan with life-problems past or to come. It is a mystery how a body and soul combined in such very unequal proportions, should produce so pleasant and cheerful an effect. Is Ida ever naughty? I should as soon think of applying moral standards to a jelly-fish as to her; meanwhile, the worst wickedness I have detected in her is a funny fat slyness in that matter of perquisites. Her conscience—which probably is less fat and more gristle than any other part of her body—is, I am sure, untroubled.

Ida can scarcely be taken as a representative of her class—a fact which is probably less to their credit than to hers. German beer-girls are harder worked than English bar-maids, since, in addition to late hours, they are obliged to walk from ten to fifteen miles a day, carrying to and fro heavy loads of beer-glasses. Though they may equal their English sisters in education, they are far behind them in intelligence and the appearance of refinement. They are often pretty, however, and withal healthy and substantial-looking; and I dare say their labours, arduous as they appear, are luxury compared to those of the peasantry, from which class most of them spring.

More deleterious than the physical work is doubtless the moral wear and tear consequent upon receiving day by day the jokes, caresses, compliments, or insults of a rabble of men of all ranks and tempers. They generally acquit themselves with some tact and more good humour; and they are subjected to a freedom of speech and behaviour from the sterner sex which, in any other country, would be met by a thoroughly deserved box on the ear. It appears to be understood that the right of embracing the beer-girl is included in the price of the beer. In one respect these young women compare pleasantly with the men-waiters;—that whereas we may bind the latter body and soul to our service by a judicious administration of fees, in the minds of the former we can at best only create a conflict between their interests and their affections. We may fee a *Kellnerin* to the limit of her desires, yet, if that be our best charm, all will not prevent her enjoying her whisper in the corner with her poor soldier, who never gave her anything more valuable than a kiss; while our beer-glass stands empty. This is more agreeable than anything in the male character. Women were never so necessary to the world's welfare as now, if only they will be women. Let them steep their brains in their hearts, or else dispense with the former altogether. What becomes of these waitresses later in life, I know not. Let us hope they are happy with their soldiers.

The little clique which makes Ida's beer-saloon its nightly resort is of a character complementary to Ida's own. They are elderly men, and represent the most thoughtful and enlightened class in Dresden. They are patriots of '48, who, having been banished by their government, owe their recall to the progress of those opinions for which they suffered exile. Most of them are now members of the council and amuse themselves by occasionally voting against an increase of the king's income. They are among the few Saxons whose patriotism does not consist in being selfish, conceited, and intolerant of criticism. They desire not to defend their country for what she is, but to help her to what she might be; if they do not sympathize with their unenlightened countrymen, they would like to render them worthy of sympathy. In the face of so stiff a job, I cannot but admire their uniformly jovial and well-conditioned aspect. There is nothing of the melancholy, wild-eyed, long-haired, col-

larless enthusiast about them. Probably they have the wisdom to use those qualities in their opponents which can be made to serve their own ends, and thus have become prosperous.

We may hold agreeable converse with these men, for their draught of the outer world has permanently improved their mental digestions, and allows us to talk discursively without fear of giving offence. When the beer has loosened in them the reins of those faculties which their experience has developed, they become very good company. Yet, when all has been said, there remains secret sense of dissatisfaction. We have coincided upon many points, but on what one have we melted together? The objection may seem fantastic, but it is true and of significance. Many a hard head and intractable judgment do we meet, who yet in the dispute lets fall a word or tone which makes the eyes fill, we know not why; revealing a deeper agreement between us than any of opinions. We fight such men more lovingly than we ally ourselves with others, whose creeds perhaps fit ours like the lines of a dissecting-map.

VI.

BESIDES the politicians, there is a sprinkling of the learned class, who are often shabbier in external aspect than men of far less consideration. In addition to their undeniable beer-drinking powers, they quaffed deep of the Pierian spring, and are no less interesting than the books which they compile. There is little human glow in them, however, and their erudite talk reminds of conversations printed on a page: it lacks the unexpectedness and piquancy of original or spontaneous thought. They are wood of a straight, close grain,—displaying none of the knots and eccentric veins which make a polished surface attractive: nor do they possess the rich, pervading colour which might compensate for plainness of structure. Their faculties are useful to the world in the same way that printing-types are,—they may be arranged to form valuable combinations, but are not therefore intrinsically captivating: have none of that fascination which attaches to a black-letter MS. Geniuses not only never repeat themselves, but never use the same material twice. Each fresh work is done in a new way, with new tools; and retains an unhackneyed aroma, be it ever so irregular or imperfect.

But the talents of these Saxon sages

are limited in number and overworked: and the very fact of their limitation and want of idiosyncrasy seems to be the cause of their application to all sorts and amounts of labour. But a man who can get anything out of himself, all on the same rule and scale, should perhaps be especially careful to confine himself to only one thing. Original men change colour, tone, and key with every new idea; and as no two ideas can ever be quite alike, so is their manner of entertaining them never twice identical. Otherwise they are machines; and we think the Saxon sages often have a tendency to be mechanical.

Nevertheless there are some originals among them. One gentleman I remember, who was by profession a lawyer, but had dabbled in literature, was the author of some poetry, I believe, and ranked himself among the Klopstocks and Heines. He had fine features and a high, bald forehead, which he seemed always trying to heighten by passing his hand up it, and tossing back the thin locks of grey hair which hung down to his shoulders. He was dressed with small care, and less cleanliness; his shirt, in particular, was enough to make the heart ache. Reverses, perhaps, or disappointed ambition, had enrolled this personage among the sworn disciples of Gambrius, and it was his daily custom to pledge that monarch so deeply that by evening his heart was full and ready to overflow on small encouragement. One night he entered late, and proceeded without warning to be ardently enamoured of an unobtrusive young man who happened to be of our party, and whom he had never seen before. "Sir, you are dear to me! I love you, sir! my heart is yours!" In proof of his regard, he presently began to declaim a great deal of poetry; and never have I heard those pieces more finely and eloquently interpreted. The scene perhaps took its rise in the whim of a half-tipsy brain, but, as the actor wrought upon himself, it assumed a hue of grotesque pathos. The man himself became stirred to his depths; now tears ran down his cheeks, now his eyes flashed, and he manned himself heroically;—and now again he paused to empty his beer-glass and sign to Ida for more. But the liquor he drank, instead of disguising him, dissolved the mask of his inner nature. Heaven knows what confused memories of joy and grief were at work within him; but it was evident that, through the miserable absurdity of

circumstance, he gave us distorted glimpses of what had been best and highest in his character—that he was laying bare to us the deepest heart he had. And it is on this account—not for purposes of ridicule—that I have brought forward the episode. His sincerity no one could have doubted, least of all himself: yet it revealed nothing genuine; the man's very soul was artificial, and in the heat of his self-abandonment, he could not be natural. His sentiment and passion could only have moved unconscious hypocrites like himself. He had been very eminent in his profession, and all he did was marked by exceptional talent: he must once have been an exceeding handsome man; and, above all, he was a thorough German, in accord with the genius of his countrymen. But for those who are not Germans, the heart is the gunpowder whose explosion gives the bullet of thought its effect, and they cannot be pierced with the subtlest intellectual missile which lacks this projecting power.

After Ida's, my favourite resort was a mediæval-looking apartment in the Neustadt, near the head of the venerable, historic bridge which connects the main thoroughfares of the old and new towns. Werthmann, the proprietor, is a man of taste and feeling, and has adorned his saloon with intent to realize, so far as he may, the ideal of a Gambrian temple. We enter a square room of moderate size, wainscoted to a height of five feet from the floor with dark carved wood. Above the wainscot the wall is divided lengthwise into two compartments, the upper one exhibiting designs of highly-coloured groups of figures in fourteenth-century costumes, relieved against a dark-blue background; while the other is devoted to scraps of convivial poetry, appropriate to the paintings, and executed in the black-letter character; which poetry, if not always unexceptionable, either from a moral or poetical point of view, matches well enough the tone of the surroundings. Over the doorway is inscribed the legend "*Kommt herein, Hier ist gut sein!*" which is certainly an improvement upon some of those religious perpetrations which I have noticed further back. In other places we spell out such agreeable truisms as "*Gerste mit Hopfen Giebt gute Tropfen!*;" and here, again, is Doctor Martin Luther's famous couplet. The windows are sunk nearly three feet into the walls, with black oak sills and panels, and command a view of

the ugly old market-place, with its rough cobble pavement and its tanned market-women, presided over by the ungainly equestrian statue of Augustus the Strong, his gelding sadly tarnished by the weather. There is an inner room, much in the fashion of the first, save that the background of the frescoes is golden instead of blue; and still beyond is the billiard-room, whence issues a buzz of voices and click of balls. At certain hours of the day Werthmann comes in,—a portly, imposing, but thoroughly amiable figure, bowing with serious courtesy to each of his assembled guests. This done, he seats himself at a table with his favourite gossips and a glass of his particular beer. Among the frescoes on the walls there is more than one portrait figure of Herr Werthmann in the character of Gambrian himself—and he supports the rôle well. But he is not for show only. One morning I caught him on a chair, amidst half-a-dozen workmen, clad in an enormous pinafore, and bespattered with the whitewash which he was vigorously applying to the ceiling. He is a good type of Saxon landlords, who, as a rule, are among the pleasantest and most conversable men in town. Much of the success of their business depends on their geniality, and practice makes it their second nature.

The attendants here are both male and female, though the former perhaps predominate, in their regulation black swallow-tails. I have often noticed a singular effect which uniforms have upon the analysis of character; it is nearly impossible to form an unbiased judgment of a man whose coat and hat mark his profession. Inevitably we regard him not as a simple human being, but through the coloured medium of his official insignia. Thus, if the *Kellners* wore ordinary clothes, it would be much easier to pronounce upon their peculiarities of disposition and behaviour. As it is their sable dress-coats,—which seem to have been born with them and to have grown like their skins—their *staccato* manner, their fallacious briskness, their elaborate way of not accomplishing anything, and their fundamental rascality, appear to be the chief impressions of them left upon my mind. They do not contrast well with the English waiters; there is seldom any approach to neatness in their condition, and they never attain the cultured, high-bred repose which we see on the other side of the Channel. In their swindling operations they manifest neither art nor

delicacy; moral suasion is unknown to them, nor do they ever attempt to undermine us on the side of abstract justice and respectability. They simply and brutally retain the change, and meet any remonstrance on our part, first with denial, secondly with abuse, and finally with an appeal to the police.

Some few of these men have grown old in the service, but the majority are between eighteen and thirty. Often they are the sons of hotel-keepers, serving an apprenticeship at their trade. Their wages are very moderate, but I fancy few of them retire from the profession without having accumulated a tolerable fortune. Unless treated with a politic mixture of sternness and liberality, they are apt to be either brusque or pre-occupied, if not altogether oblivious. Possibly their darker traits may be the effect of continually wearing black tailed-coats, and when they put them off, they may also lay aside their tendency to theft and falsehood. But my researches have not gone so deep as to warrant me in more than offering the suggestion.

VII.

In summer, however, we have no business to sit between four walls; Dresden is full of beer-gardens, where, if the beer is sometimes inferior, its flavour is compensated by the soft pure air and the music. Our difficulty will be, not to find a pleasant spot, but to fix upon the pleasantest. Sauntering beneath a mile-long avenue of chestnut-trees, we might climb to the Waldschloesschen Brewery, resting on the hillside like a great yellow giant, whose hundred eyes look out over a lovely picture of curving river and hazy-towered town. Here, sitting on the broad stone terrace, beneath trees so dense of foliage that rain cannot penetrate them, we are on a level with the tops of trees below, which have the appearance of a green bank suspended in mid-air. Far off on the river the white steam-boats crawl and palpitate, and the huge canal-boats spread their brown wings to help along as best they may their unwieldy bulk. Here, too, the beer is of the best, and we may drink it to the tune of Mozart and Strauss.

Somewhat similar are the attractions of the Bruelsche Terrasse, which is also more accessible and more exclusive. It is fine in the evening, when it sparkles thick with coloured lamps and throbs with music; and the river, above whose brink it stands, is a black, mysterious

abyss, revealed only by the reflected lights which wander here and there across its surface, or range themselves along the length of the distant bridge, and cast long wheeling shadows of unseen people passing to and fro across it. But even here we find imperfections; the beer-glasses are scandalously small, and the waiters, who wear not only dress-coats but silver buttons, are more rapacious and remorseless than harpies.

After all, however, the best place is the Grosser Wirthschaft, in the Royal Park. There we are in the midst of a small forest; but a vista opening through the trees and broadening over a wide green meadow, yields us a glimpse, at a mile's distance, of a grey dome and two or three tapering spires. The square open court, some sixty yards in width and closely planted with trees and street-lamps is partly closed in on two sides by low buildings; the orchestra occupies a third, while on the fourth stands sentinel a gigantic tree. During the pauses of the music, a few steps will bring us to sweet secluded walks, where we might almost forget that such things as houses and Saxons existed in the world. During the heat of the season concerts are given here at five in the morning, and are attended by crowds of tradespeople, who thus secure their half-holiday before the day has fairly begun. If we can manage to get up early enough to go to one, the effect of the spectacle upon the imagination is very peculiar. Reason tells us that it is long before breakfast time; but the broad sunshine, the crowd of people drinking their beer, the music and the wide-awakeness of everything, proclaim four o'clock in the afternoon. The fact that the sun is in the wrong quarter of the heavens only increases our bewilderment, and we are almost persuaded either that the whole scene is a wonderful mirage, or that we are phantoms, accidentally strayed into the material world.

Surely, only hypercriticism could find anything to complain of in all this. We do not, I suppose, expect Saxon beer-gardens to be like the land of the lotus-eaters, where dreamy souls recline on flowery couches, and know not whether the music in their enchanted ears comes from without or within. Moreover, cane-bottomed chairs are in many ways better than flowery couches, and to sit at a table with three or four other people, even if we not happen to know them, is preferable to having no table at all. Lovers of music should not object to receiving in

exchange for five *groschen*, a piece of paper with the musical programme on one side, and a bill of fare on the other; nor should they allow themselves to be disturbed by the continual repassing, during the performance, of unsympathetic waiters, who never allow a beer-glass to become empty through any lack of solicitation on their part to have it refilled. If the ground beneath their feet is reddish-brown gravel instead of turf, it is all the safer for delicate constitutions; and if trees, tables, and lamp-posts are rigidly aligned, it is all the better for order and convenience. As for the music, it surely could not be finer; and the fact that every individual of the orchestra may be seen sawing or puffing himself red in the face over his horn or violin, ought only to make the pleasure more real and tangible.

Who can deny all this? Nevertheless, all the world knows that to possess good things is only to foster the notion that they might be improved. Any strictures against Saxon beer-gardens would certainly apply with equal force anywhere else, and perhaps it is chiefly because they are good enough to suggest dreams of something better, that such dreams venture to assert themselves. Were I inclined to pick flaws, the first would be that the gardens disappoint from being half gardens and half something with which the spirit of gardens is quite irreconcilable. Music, whispering leaves, summer skies,—what combination could be more charming? but if we descend—as we must—beneath the leaves, the disenchantment is all the harsher. Nature is put in a strait-jacket, her tresses are shorn, and she is preposterously decked out with artificial ornament. These gardens are aptly symbolized by the Sirens, who made fascinating music and had lovely hair, and who, seen from a proper distance, seemed all delightful. But they turned out to be less attractive below. Thus if we walk in the secluded paths near the Grosser Wirthschaft, catching snatches of the melody, and glimpses of the gay crowd shadowed by the cool foliage, the effect is captivating; but the stern utilitarian features which a nearer view discovers, are the Siren's claws.

But my quarrel strikes a deeper root than this, and will not, I fear, gain me much sympathy. I question whether music can be heard as well in company as in solitude, save when the company is in very exceptional accord. Certainly,

any strange or unwelcome presence jars like a false note continually repeated. Lovers, I should imagine, might listen to sweet music with a multiplied pleasure and appreciation: or a great assembly, ablaze with some all-inspiring sentiment, doubtless take additional fire from the sound of an appropriate strain. But to lavish the mighty symphonies of great musicians upon an ill-assorted crowd, brought together, ticketed and arranged of malice aforethought, is to pawn pearls at less than their value: isolation—harmonious seclusion—are the only terms upon which a perception of subtle musical jewels can be obtained, and even these are often insufficient.

The Bible tells us that the divine presence can be better invoked by two or three than by one; but music, like nature, not being an infinite divinity, seldom reveals her more exquisite charms save to the solitary worshipper. Human beings are terribly potent things: we admire the shrewd scent of wild animals, but what is it compared with the keenness of man's spiritual scent for his fellow?

Furthermore, musicians, unlike little boys, should be heard but not seen. Perhaps a beautiful singer may be an exception, because, in her, facial expression may aid the interpretation and give it richer colouring; and possibly the cultured grace of a master-violinist may give form and vividness to his rendering. But the grace and beauty, not to be offensive, must, at least, equal that of the theme. A visible orchestra is like a dissected Venus: to lay bare the springs and methods of the sweet mystery of harmonious life, is to sin alike against art and nature.

VIII.

I SHOULD not have been tempted to go so far, had it not been my purpose to go one step further, and announce the remarkable discovery that the Saxons have a less correct ear for music than any people with which I am acquainted. I am sure they think quite differently, and no doubt, after the first surprise is over, they will be grateful for having had their error pointed out. Undeniably, the greatest musical composers have been of German blood: just as in ancient times, by a sort of revenge of nature, giants and pygmies were made to live together. Moreover, there is nowhere more good music than in Saxony: nor anywhere better soldiers: the reason being, not that Saxons have any especial aptitude for war

or music, but that they are exhaustively and indefatigably trained. Bismarck and Wagner are at the bottom of it.

The average Saxon orchestra learns its music by rote, and its perfection of harmony is not intuitive but mechanical. They regard a false note as a mistake — never as a sin; and it is only rigid drilling which enables them to do so much as that. Listen to a party of young students singing together, as is the custom of young students all over the world: they sing loudly and in perfect good faith, conscious that they are Saxons, and therefore fancying that they are infallible. But there will be more discords to a stave, than an equal number of young men of any other country could produce. There may be something pathetic about this, but there is certainly much that is disagreeable. Again, the audiences of the garden concerts are affected by tunes and slight airs, and are invariably enthusiastic in their applause of a solo, however imperfectly rendered; because, having actually beheld a man stand up before them and produce, with more or less physical exertion, a variety of musical sounds, they are convinced that they have heard what is, or ought to be, music. But they pass by the great, sublime compositions with significant silence. Now, animals are moved by tunes, and parrots and magpies can be taught to whistle them. When the tunes are what is called national — enhanced, that is, by some glorious or inspiring tradition, the consideration of whatever musical worth they may have is as nothing: such tunes influence mobs, and Saxon mobs no less than others. A tune is to music what an automaton, with its little round of recurring movements, is to a living man, with his infinite variety of manifestation, which yet observes a distinctive form and purpose.

Music in Saxony, like the army, is a forced product, having no root in the nature of the people, and destined to wither away when the artificial inspiration is removed. There is surely something sacred about music: those who are born to it will seek it out through all obstacles; but to obtrude it upon persons who have no vital understanding of it, is to do injury both to the music and to them. The commonness of concerts in Saxony, and elsewhere in Germany, is everywhere admired: they are too common, perhaps, and may be lowered by low appreciation. Nothing beautiful can be driven into a man from without: the only result will

be to disfigure him and desecrate the thing of beauty. — But we are getting heated again. Another glass of beer? — No, we must bid Gambrinus farewell, for it is late. We have found more than we bargained for in our *schoffen*.

IX.

GOOD little Frau Schmidt comes up, with her pleasant but not quite cheerful smile, to see us to the door, and bid us not forget to return. We had made a little mystery about her, at the beginning of our session, with the understanding that it should be cleared up before we went away. The mystery does not amount to much, after all, but its elucidation may serve also to explain why Frau Schmidt is more a favourite of ours than any Saxon woman we have known.

The fact is (for we have not skill further to prolong the suspense, even were there any longer reason for doing so), Frau Schmidt is an Englishwoman, born, she tells us, within hearing of Bow bells. She met in London the big, silent Saxon, with the fine massive head and serious bearing, who was destined to win her love and marry her. He, perhaps, was at that time a political refugee. Certainly he was more a man than the average: there was a force and largeness in him rare among Saxons; and individual excellence is an uncomfortable possession in a land governed as this is.

But when a good many years had passed, and an altered administration could pardon Herr Schmidt's political virtues, the memory of his birthplace continually haunted him; his health began to fail, and he fancied that only a breath of his native air could restore him. His wife doubtless shrank at first from the thought of leaving England, and settling among strange faces and barbarous tongues, in an unknown land. Yet her heart would not let her hold him back, and without her he could not go. They came, therefore, and Herr Schmidt, having purchased a small beer-saloon on the banks of the river he had known in boyhood, looked forward to health and quiet happiness.

But all was somehow not right — not as he had expected. Was Dresden changed, or had his memory played him false? There stood Dresden, with her domes and steeples; there flowed the well-known Elbe beneath the old historic bridge. Around him were Saxon tongues and faces — yet the city — the people of his remembrance were not there. Per-

chance, save in memory, they had never been at all. Ah, Herr Schmidt, in leaving England, I fear you were not wise. Had you remained, two good countries would have been yours: England; good enough in all conscience for those who have never known a better,—and the Saxony of your remembrance, without doubt superior to England, to Saxony itself, or to any other place whatever. But you were not wise, Herr Schmidt, and therefore both countries are lost to you.

And how of Frau Schmidt, the little grey-clad Englishwoman? She loves her Saxon husband, and would rather be with him than anywhere; yet perhaps, amidst her many cares and few amusements, she finds now and then a moment wherein to be decently wretched. When, on my first chance visit to her little saloon, I happened to let fall an English word, I shall not soon forget with what a thirsty eagerness she caught up the old familiar tongue; with what an almost tremulous pleasure she stood and talked—talked for the mere pleasure of once more talking English; delighting in it as does a child over a long-lost toy; yet saddened by that very delight, because it made her recognize how rare the luxury was and must ever be. Well, she does her best to be a good wife, to make her guests welcome, and worthily to serve King Gambrinus, hoping secretly that in time he will reward her from his treasury, and enable her at least to die in England. That time will never come, patient little Frau Schmidt; but meanwhile may evil befall me if ever I neglect to send you that occasional English newspaper for which you once with hesitating earnestness besought me.

From The Spectator.

LONGEVITY AND BRAIN-WORK.

DR. BEARD, of New York, whose interesting paper on the relative creative power of youth and age respectively we noticed in our issue of the 21st March, has just written another paper in some respects of still higher general interest, on "The Longevity of Brain-workers." It takes as its text,—if a text may be what it now often is, the embodiment of the theory which the writer intends to *refute* rather than to assume or sustain,—a saying of Mr. Thomas Hughes's, that "the world's hardest workers and

noblest benefactors have seldom been long-lived;" and the object of the paper is to show, on the contrary, that the world's hardest workers and noblest benefactors would, if their ages at death could be all ascertained, show at least a very high average of life,—a much higher average than the world's drones, and those who had not added anything to its accumulated capital of happiness, knowledge, goodness, and truth. On the whole, Dr. Beard proves his case, but he proves it only on the supposition that the term "hardest workers" and "noblest benefactors" is somewhat liberally interpreted. Indeed, if, as we suppose, Mr. Hughes were referring to the case of King Alfred the Great—in the story of whose life it occurs—when he made the remark against which Dr. Beard has taken the trouble to protest so elaborately, it was obvious that what he did mean was rather that lives, otherwise likely to be long, are shortened by the moral pressure of any intense strain, than that great men of this high calibre die absolutely young; for Alfred himself was fifty-two, or very nearly fifty-two, when he died, and that is, according to Dr. Beard, two years above the average age of all who pass the age of twenty. So that Mr. Hughes was probably only speaking of long life in that stronger sense in which we should use the words in reference to a life already conspicuously useful,—which it rarely is till it has passed considerably the time of youth. In fact, Dr. Beard's paper, properly read, rather supports than overthrows the view that the hardest work and the noblest endeavour will generally tend to shorten the life which those who spend themselves in this way *might otherwise* have lived. For Dr. Beard himself shows that, as a rule, a brain of exceptional force goes with a constitution of exceptionally good fibre, so that quite apart from the work actually done, the class in any way *competent* to do it must show a much higher average of life than ordinary men. It would be probably very easy to show that, as a rule, the best carpenters' tools last the longest time, as well as do the greatest amount of work. But it would not in the least follow from that that the unsparing use of them does not tend to wear them out much sooner than a more sparing use. They last longer than poorer tools, because they are better to begin with. But the same metal and the same tempering being assumed, unquestionably the tools used sparingly—only enough to keep them in working order—

would last much longer than those unsparingly used. And so it is probably with human brains. Men who do great things must, as a rule, have stronger brains, to begin with, than men of average calibre. If, then, they live a good deal beyond the average, it is because they have robust constitutions which would naturally give them a life much beyond the average. Not the less is it most improbable that those who are "the world's hardest workers and noblest benefactors" can live to the age to which they might well have lived had they husbanded their strength more carefully, and not expended themselves so lavishly in the regeneration of the world. To take a few instances almost at haphazard:—Luther died at sixty-three; St. Francis de Sales, at fifty-five; John Howard, at sixty-three; Elizabeth Fry, at sixty-five; Cromwell, at fifty-nine; Whitefield, at fifty-six; Wesley, at eighty-seven; Lacordaire, at fifty-nine; Maurice, at sixty-seven; John Stuart Mill, at sixty-six; and hardly of any of them, except perhaps of Mill and Wesley, can it be said with any probability, on a review of their lives, that they might not have materially lengthened their days by economizing more carefully their expenditure of moral and intellectual energy; nay, that they did not substantially shorten them by a lavish and exhausting use of their moral power. But then, to do what they did they must have been men of more than ordinary constitutional strength, and the proper question to ask about their longevity is not whether they lived beyond the average age of men who pass the age of twenty, but whether they did not materially shorten their life by the intensity of their work. Dr. Beard virtually concedes this point when he tells us that "worry is the converse of work; the one develops force, the other checks its development and wastes what already exists." But worry is an almost necessary incident of really high-pressure work. If men do not feel sure that they can do in the time the work appointed for the time, worry is inevitable. Nay, if men have a higher ideal of the kind of work they ought to do, and of the quantity of work they ought to do, than they can adequately realize, it is hardly possible to doubt that it must involve a considerable amount of worry as well as of work; and that worry, as Dr. Beard himself contends, will probably have shortened a life, that without it might have been longer. Indeed, Dr. Beard virtually shows that it

is not the most exhausting work which really is most favourable to length of life, when he produces the American clergy as the class whose average life is the longest. That is in itself a proof that it is moderate rather than exhausting and high-pressure brain-work which is most favourable to length of life. At least, if we may judge of the American clergy by our own, it would be generally admitted that the clerical profession is that in which the brain-work is in fair, and not more than fair, proportion to the bodily activity, and not, on the average, likely to be excessive. Indeed, it cannot well be contended that there is anything exceptional in the mental wear and tear of the American as distinguished from the English clergy, for Dr. Beard quotes confirmatory statistics from the investigations of a Berlin physician. That investigation gives the following results,—results, we suppose, assuming that the professional persons on whom the average is taken have passed maturity:—that the average age of clergymen is sixty-five; that of merchants, sixty-two; clerks and farmers, sixty-one; military men, fifty-nine; lawyers, fifty-eight; artists, fifty-seven; and medical men, fifty-six. In America, apparently, the average length of life seems somewhat lower, but the relative length is much the same; while in England Dr. Beard appears to think that the average age of medical men is a good deal higher than in the United States. No doubt the moral restraints upon the clergy tend to raise the average duration of their lives, but the comparatively harmonious development given to their physical, intellectual, moral and emotional life,—in all countries at least where the clergy are not celibate,—no doubt has, more than any other cause, to do with the relatively high average of their life. Had Dr. Beard been able to give us statistics of any value about journalists and those who really live by exciting literary work, we suspect he would have found that the life-rate was about the lowest on his list, and hardly above that of the highly-skilled manual labourers.

Dr. Beard even maintains that precocity of development, so far from being premonitory of early death, is almost always a mark of great talents, and usually, therefore, of the constitutional strength of brain which accompanies great talents. A Mr. Winterburn, who had investigated two hundred and thirteen cases of the age of acknowledged musical prodigies,

found that their average age at the time of death was fifty-eight, "while some attained the age of one hundred and three." But Dr. Beard has more solid facts to go upon than that. He himself had examined the age attained by five hundred of the most eminent men in history, including many who, like Raphael, Pascal, Mozart, Byron, and Keats, died young, and he found the average age of these five hundred eminent men to be sixty-four years and between two and three months. But of these, about one hundred and fifty were decidedly precocious. Now, of these precocious geniuses the average age at the time of death was sixty-six and six months—in other words, more than two years higher than the average of the whole five hundred, and three years higher than that of the four hundred and fifty who were not precocious. This seems to show that the phrase "too clever to live" is a completely erroneous one. Great talent is pretty sure to give early proof of its existence, and so far from showing that the physical vitality must have prematurely passed into the nerves, this precocious capacity is a mere natural indication of the centre and seat of special power. Hence it would seem that not only is brain-work no hindrance to longevity, but precocious brain-work is no hindrance to longevity, so long as it is easy and does not *strain* the mind. We may be quite sure that if "worry" is so destructive to health as Dr. Beard thinks, premature worry is still more so, and that all hard *tasking* of a child's capacities must be mischievous, though their spontaneous working can hardly be anything but healthy and beneficial.

But perhaps the most striking and satisfactory of all Dr. Beard's results is his statement,—we wish he had given in detail the facts on which the opinion is founded,—that the brain-worker, the man with a well-exercised nervous system, has a system much better protected against febrile and inflammatory disorders than men who are chiefly muscle-workers. "This was shown," says Dr. Beard, "in the late war [the Civil War], when delicate, ensanguined youth, followed by the fear of friends, went forth to camp and battle, and not only survived, but grew stout amid exposures that prostrated by thousands the lumbermen of Maine and the sons of the plough and the anvil." And he adds, "My studies have shown that, of distinctively nervous diseases, those which have the

worst pathology and are the most hopeless, such as locomotor ataxia, progressive muscular atrophy, apoplexy with hemiplegia, and so on, are more common and more severe and more fatal among the comparatively strong and tough than among the most delicate and finely organized. Cancer even goes hardest with the hardy, and is most relievable in the nervous." If that can be substantiated, no doubt it shows that the habitual exercise of the brain modifies the more purely animal and vegetable functions of the constitution for the better, quite apart from the conditions favourable to comfort and convenience which it generally introduces into our external life. If educated men are less liable to, or less prostrated by, malarious fevers (say) than half-educated or uneducated men, if paralysis is commoner or comes earlier with the artisan and the labourer than with the lawyer or the physician,—then surely Dr. Beard has proved his point that the habitual exercise of the brain is in a high degree favourable to the life and strength of man. Dr. Beard goes even further, and ascribes a great deal of the power of recovery manifested by the cultivated classes to "force of will." "One does not need to practise medicine long to learn that men die who might just as well live, if they resolved to live; and that myriads who are invalids might become strong, if they had the nature or acquired will to vow that they would do so. Those who have no other quality favourable to life, whose bodily organs are nearly all diseased, to whom each day is a day of pain, who are beset by life-shortening influences, yet do live by grit alone. Races and the sexes illustrate this. The pluck of the Anglo-Saxon is shown as much on the sick-bed as in Wall Street or on the battle-field. During the late war I had chances enough to see how thoroughly the black man wilted under light sickness, and was slain by disease over which his white brother would have easily triumphed." Yes, but was that due to "will," or to the special nervous development which almost always accompanies "will"? Is not Dr. Beard really illustrating the advantage of a developed brain in its effect on the physical constitution over again, instead of showing that force of will has very much to do with the power of a system to resist disease? It seems likely enough that a highly developed brain means a larger latent stock of vital power, a larger reserve-force when the super-

ficial supply is drained by sickness, and if that be so, what looks like want of will is really nothing but want of the latent energy which will calls out. The general who has exhausted his reserves succumbs because he is conscious of having no reserves, and so the negro who has no superfluous stock of nervous life, when his stock of muscular and sensuous life is exhausted, succumbs because he is aware of no unexhausted stock of vitality such as that of which the Anglo-Saxon under the same circumstances, would really be aware, because he would possess it. Developed brain may well be additional life, not only in the sense in which it certainly is so, namely, an additional sphere of activity both for thought and feeling, but also in the sense of additional power of resistance to the inroads of disease, additional power of life, additional forts, within which the life takes refuge till those diseases which are of a periodic character have exhausted their power, and the whole body can be once more restored to health.

But valuable as are Dr. Beard's conclusions, he certainly does not prove that the quality and quantity of work done by the world's greatest benefactors has not, on the whole, been very frequently injurious to their health, and even fatal to the hopes they might otherwise have entertained of a long life. Unquestionably, such benefactors have picked lives; but these picked lives are often, perhaps generally, used up sooner than they otherwise would have been, by excessive drains upon very finite stocks of vital force. Dr. Beard has no doubt brought additional evidence of the wisdom of the proverb "Better wear out than rust out." But he has not done anything to disprove that, with an equal start, people who neither wear out nor rust out will be likely to have a longer life than either the one class or the other.

From The Economist.

THE ULTIMATE CONSEQUENCES OF MR. GLADSTONE'S PAMPHLET.

MR. GLADSTONE'S pamphlet will have one great political result, which may at first somewhat dismay the Liberal party, but which in our opinion can hardly be looked upon as anything but an unqualified political good. We believe that it will be the final blow to the habit of counting the Roman Catholics in Par-

liament as a substantial element in the Liberal party, instead of a party by itself, which may sometimes act with the Liberals and sometimes with the Conservatives, but the mainspring of whose actions cannot properly be regarded as either Liberal or Conservative, being indeed not political at all, but purely ecclesiastical. No doubt from the point of view of the Liberal whip—from Mr. Adam's or Lord Wolverton's—the prospect of giving up the Irish Catholic vote as a Liberal vote is very alarming. With a majority of fifty for the Tories even when the Irish Catholic Liberals are counted as Liberals, the majority against the Liberals, if these votes are to be regarded as neutralized, will be something which will strike the political manager of divisions for the Liberal party quite dumb. Nevertheless, we hold that it is no misfortune but a clear benefit for the country that this should happen. Up to the present time, the Roman Catholics have been in real alliance with the Liberal party for many sufficient reasons. From that party, and from that party alone, they could look for the political concessions which they desired, and which Liberal principles required Liberal governments to endeavour to give. In comparison with such great concessions as these, the shades of difference between Liberal and Conservative politics in affairs of a more general nature were quite secondary, and not of a kind to prevent Catholics from acting, on the whole, with the partisans of Catholic rights. But now that Catholic primary education has been secured, that even the Irish Protestant Establishment is gone, and that the Catholic oath has been abolished, now that no substantial grievance of a religious nature except the university grievance remains—a matter which the Irish Catholics could, if they pleased, settle very easily, without demanding any endowment from the government, by simply obtaining the power to give degrees under the strictest conditions of government inspection—the tie of political interest between the Irish Catholics and the Liberal party no longer exists; indeed there is no reason at all why the former should not be disposed to vote with the Conservatives in five divisions out of ten; for certainly, as often as that, or oftener, the natural sympathies of the Irish Catholic party would be Conservative rather than Liberal. No doubt, but for Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, the dissolution of the bond between the Liberal

party and their Roman Catholics allies would have been very gradual. Custom goes a great way in guiding political sympathies, and in spite of the declaration of the nonconformist minister the other day, that in politics gratitude is always immoral, gratitude goes for something in the case of a party that owes so much to a chief as the Irish Catholics owe to Mr. Gladstone. But the pamphlet directed against the policy of the Roman Curia will dissolve suddenly all that remains of that tie in the breast of the Irish Catholics, and from this time forth we may expect a completely new independence of attitude in this party. We have, indeed, already had some foretaste of this new attitude. During the last general election the Roman Catholics, in a great many English constituencies at least, were told, and we think quite soundly told by their spiritual counsellors, that the most important political struggle of the future would be denominational *versus* secular education, and that in a question of that kind the Conservative party could be trusted much better than the Liberal party, who were always liable to be influenced by the views of their left wing. Doubtless Irish constituencies are not very much affected by this consideration, since in Ireland a system not substantially very different from the denominational has long been established. But sooner or later the considerations which affect English Catholics in the constituencies will affect Irish Catholic constituencies also; indeed they will affect Irish members almost immediately—sooner, rather than later. Now Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet will give a sudden impulse to all the motives which would otherwise induce Catholic members to vote with the Conservatives, and will put them, as it were, quite at their ease in doing so. And as these questions are likely to be questions of much importance for the future—affecting, as they do, not only the favour to be extended to religious education in the primary schools, but the effectual support of what Dr. Newman once called “the break-water” against the scepticism of the day, namely, the Established Church of England, we shall look forward to quite a new attitude for the Irish Catholic phalanx in the House of Commons—an attitude of perfect political impartiality, and even of a certain amount of well-marked sympathy on many questions with the principles of the Conservatives. The personal tie to Mr. Gladstone must be more or less

ruptured by the recent publication; and after its complete severance, it is pretty clear that the principles of the party will incline them to sway more towards the policy of men like Lord Derby or Mr. Gathorne Hardy, than towards the policy of men like Mr. Bright, Mr. Lowe, or even Mr. Gladstone.

But why should we rejoice in a prospect which puts off, apparently so indefinitely, the day when the Liberal party may hope to regain its ascendancy? Merely because that prospect promises us a simplification in the motives of parties, and a reasonable hope that Liberal principles, so far as they are professed at all, shall appear in their true character, and without any necessity, real or apparent, for the kind of strategy by which it has been hitherto too much the practice of Liberal Governments to “conciliate” Catholics. We do not believe that, so far as regards legislation, anything has been done by the Liberals, for the mere purpose of gratifying the Roman Catholics, which ought not to have been done. On the contrary, the principle of religious equality in the much more effectual form in which it has been applied of late to our legislation, has been a thoroughly sound principle; but not the less is it true that the necessity of looking at English measures or administrative acts with reference to the effect they might have on the votes of Irish Catholics has been an unfortunate one. Ireland, for example, has unquestionably been quite over-officered—notably as regards judges, and probably in relation to other officials—solely from the dislike to alienating Irish Catholic votes by a wise and sober retrenchment of expenditure. And in voting public works for Ireland, the same motive has again and again been far too conspicuous. This unfortunate habit of angling for the Irish vote is not likely, we fear, to cease completely in either party. Yet let us comfort ourselves with the hope that for the future the Tories, who will now have more substantial affinities with the Irish Catholics than the Liberals, will fall into that error oftener than our own leaders, who will now have less to hope from such a policy. The affinities between the religion of authority and the policy of Conservatism are too substantial not to assert themselves very frequently, now that hope will no longer draw the Irish Catholics mainly to the Liberal side. Nothing clears politics more than to have things put on their true issues. We are

quite aware that having things put on their true issues will for a long time make the Liberal party look a very small party. But then, if you only reckon those in the present House of Commons, who really wish for the success of a Liberal policy all over Europe, it is a very small party, and it does not gain but lose by sacrificing a considerable share of its principle for the sake of a spurious alliance with a section which only really cares for its help in a few local Irish affairs. Looking, as we must, to education as the critical question of the next few years, it is impossible to doubt that Liberal principles would be most seriously endangered by any effort to compromise them so as to conciliate Catholic support. The party of the Syllabus cannot really act with the friends of a liberal education. The pope will never be got to agree even with Mr. Forster, to say nothing of Mr. Lowe or Mr. Bright. You might as soon try the *joint* effect of fire and frost on the thermometer as make an education measure which should be an experiment on the sympathy of Irish Catholics with English Liberals. What the one party wishes to effect, the other party in great measure wishes to prevent, and nothing but a failure or a muddle can grow out of the joint action of the two. Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet will do only good if it dissolves all community of action between political sections which have no principles in common.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

A PHILOLOGICAL PUZZLE.

THE ring-finger, though the weakest in the hand, possesses its peculiar honour and dignity, as ladies will allow. Indeed, it has been held to be typical of their sex. An old writer describes the human hand as representing the life of the universe. The thumb stands for the Deity, without which the whole hand is powerless. The forefinger is likened to the angelic creation, the middle finger to man, the ring-finger to woman, and the little finger to the animal kingdom. These similes, if not very felicitous, are sufficiently quaint. In many other ways the hand has been supposed to be emblematic. This symbolism has penetrated to the nursery. A nurse will make a child put its two palms together, knitting them by closing the two middle fingers. In this position the child is told

to separate the two thumbs, which it does with ease, and thereupon is told that "brother and sister may part." It is next asked to separate the forefingers, which also it easily does, and is informed that "father and son may part." Then it is required to separate the two little fingers, and upon doing this is told that "mother and daughter may part." It is now told to try and separate the two ring-fingers. This, as the middle fingers are locked together, it cannot possibly do, and is thereupon told that "wife and husband can *not* part." Many other instances might be given of the way in which the human hand is employed by children large and small to symbolize this thing and that. But our present purpose is to draw attention to a curious philological question in connection with the ring-finger. We prefer to call the finger between the middle and little fingers "the ring-finger," as that finger is now generally called the "third" finger; whereas, counting the thumb as a finger it used to be called — and notably is now called in the Book of Common Prayer — the "fourth" finger.

Professor Hunfalvy is a well-known learned Hungarian *savant*, who a short time ago was in London and present at the International Congress of Orientalists. This eminent scholar stands alone as an authority on the Turanian languages, of ten of which he is a perfect master. He prepared for the congress an elaborate paper of great intrinsic value on Turanian subjects, but was unable to read it for lack of time. However, he read an epitome of it before the Turanian section, and then placed it in the charge of Mr. Douglas, of the British Museum, for future publication in the proceedings of the congress. In this valuable paper there are several important contributions to our knowledge of Turanian philology, but the part of it which possesses most interest for the general reader is that in which Professor Hunfalvy treats of the nomenclature of the ring-finger. It appears that in every one of the ten Turanian languages, from Finland in the west, to Manchuria, the northern portion of the Chinese Empire in the east, that finger is known as "the finger without a name." The professor expresses in his paper a desire to know whether such was the case also in the Dravidian family of languages, as he had found no mention of the subject in the Dravidian comparative grammar — the standard work on the South-Indian languages. Strange to

say, the ring-finger is called "the finger without a name" in the Dravidian tongues; but, stranger still, it appears in those languages not as a Dravidian word, but as a Sanskrit one! In Tamil, Telugu, and Canarese, it appears as *anāmika*—"the nameless thing," from the Sanskrit *nāma*, a name, with the a privative prefixed. Now how did this peculiar expression find a place both in the Turanian family of languages and in a family of languages so far apart from it as the Aryan? Did the Aryans borrow it from the Turanian, or the Turanian from the Aryan? Then why should the ring-finger be called the "nameless finger"?

These questions being put to one or two Oriental scholars, answers have been received more ingenious, perhaps, than convincing. The finger, it has been suggested, is called the "nameless" one because in the human hand it appears to exercise no distinctive function. Any surgeon, it is said, will tell a patient that if he must sacrifice a finger he had better part with his ring-finger, as he will be

certain to miss it less from his hand than he would any one of the others. Then with reference to the derivation of the word used to designate the finger, one Oriental scholar remarked that the term "nameless" as applied to the ring-finger was most probably taken by the Aryan from the Turanian, since the Turanian is especially rich, when compared with the Aryan, in specific terms, while there is a more copious variety of generic terms in the latter. For instance, the genius of the two languages may be thus roughly exemplified:—an Aryan would speak, generally, of a tree; the Turanian would instinctively mention the species of that tree, and refer to it, in conversation, or in writing, as an oak, a fir, or an elm, as the case might be. However, whatever may be the true answers to the questions we have brought before the reader, the simple fact as it stands is a most curious one—that in a host of different languages the ring-finger has for ages and ages gone by the somewhat mystic and poetical title of "the nameless thing."

AMONG the many services rendered to literature by the late King John of Saxony was his early patronage of Professor Tischendorf, whose death was recently announced. Dr. Tischendorf was in early life a comparatively obscure *privat-docent* at the Leipsic University, where the reputation he gradually made for close palæological research brought him to the king's notice. His reports on the value of the hidden contents of the convent libraries he visited in the East caused him to be sent again twice on similar tours of exploration; and it was on the second of these, conducted in 1859 at the expense of the Russian government, that he discovered in a Greek convent in Petrea the famous "Codex Sinaiticus," published by order of the Emperor Alexander in 1862 as part of the commemoration ceremonies of the thousandth year of the empire. It is a mistake to assert with the writers of the obituary notices in the German press that this copy of the New Testament is the oldest extant. It admittedly yields in antiquity to that equally famous one which has been long in the Vatican Library; but it certainly stands second. Dr. Tischendorf was not content with mere discoveries and the rewards that followed. He devoted the remaining years of his life mainly to collating the results of his researches.

Pall Mall Gazette.

OLIVE-oil is produced in large quantities in Tunis. The olive-crops during the past two years have been so abundant that there is still a great deal of oil in the country, notwithstanding the immense quantities, amounting in all to 3,472 tuns, of the value of 125,893*l.*, that have been shipped during the past year to Great Britain, France, and Italy. It is said that without a great reaction takes place in the oil-trade in Europe, vendors in Tunis will be puzzled to know what to do with the supplies they will have on hand. The deposits, or tanks, in the town are said to be capable of containing 6,000 tuns of oil, but they were not clear of the old supplies before the new was ready to be brought in. So far as the working of the native oil-mills is concerned, it is stated that no improvement has taken place. An Italian company contemplates the introduction of a steam-mill. For this purpose the British vice-consular house and its premises have been bought, and are to be converted into a mill. Some years ago one was tried at Mehdiä, but did not answer. A second was erected near Susa, with the view of buying up the refuse or oil-cake after passing the native mills, and submitting it to further pressure; but this in the hands of the natives blew up.

Nature.